PAGE MISSING

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SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

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N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor St., Philada.

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The Great Sanitary Fair.

The success which has thus far attended the efforts of the managers of the Sanitary Fair has been satisfactory in all respects. Every department has been daily visited by numbers of our citizens and the residents of our inland counties and adjacent states, and the tide of population which throngs its doors, increases with each day of the exhibition. The display is undoubtedly the finest ever seen upon the American continent, and the superiority of the Philadelphia Fair is now admitted by the metropolitan press and the New York visitors who have attended both Fairs. On Saturday the Fair buildings were tested to their utmost capacity, [illegible]

A New York View of the Fair.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Evening Post.]

PHILADELPHIA, June 8, 1864.—As a citizen of New York, I might wish that Philadelphia should be second to her in all good deeds, as she is in most; but in her Sanitary Fair she is first. Justice must be done though the heavens fall. This exhibition, in detail and sum, far exceeds that of our great metropolis. It is better planned, more tastefully decorated, and infinitely better arranged. The grand Gothic nave that divides it in the middle is the most imposing roof under the stars on this continent. The trellised arches which support it, define the perspective from either end with rare effect, while the decorations in all colors assisted by the branches of trees, roofed in at intervals, make up, by gas light especially, a scene of fairy-like magnificence. The side avenues are on a smaller scale, but as parts of the whole, in excellent proportion and faultless taste. I am told that the extent of a walk through all is two and a half miles. Think of that! Two and a half miles of American flag, evergreen, endless variety of roses—every purchasable article under the sun for use, ornament or gratification—and a double row (five miles) of beautiful, smiling, elegantly-dressed ladies. Need I say another word to bring a stream as long of lookers and buyers here from New York?

The restaurant department is in a vast circle, so liberal in space and air as to forbid discomfort, and to accommodate any number of visitors. It is highly picturesque to see the active black waiters in full white aprons incessantly moving among the gay bonnets and the fluttering ribbons.

The Horticultural department is a marvel—a miracle. Arabian nights and genii and magic rings are all outdone. I will not attempt to describe it further than to say that here one might pass a week and go away, sad to leave so soon a scene so beautiful and charming. Three circles of gas jets, the largest looking like a horizon of stars, and outside a grand zodiac of plants with spacious walks, leave nothing for the fancy to create. In the centre a fountain of many small streams breaks up into countless diamonds in the blaze of light. The botanist and horticulturist may enjoy here a Paradise, with the privilege of bringing choice parts thereof back to earth.

The division of arms and trophies is far superior to that of New York. Memorials full of interest and relics of all kinds—the flag of the British frigate Guerriere, captured by Ironsides Hull, and so forth, through a long chapter.

Among the single objects that are most attracting is a steam engine about the size of a common electrical machine, made entirely of glass, in full operation. Beginning at the fire, which consists of gas jets, the whole structure from boiler to wheels, with every piston and valve at work, is open to the eye a volume at a glance.

Of the particular departments, none show more enterprise, skill and liberality than that of the state of Delaware, called the Diamond State, whereof the children wear the soubriquet of "Blue Hen's Chickens." They derive this from a Colonel Caldwell, who during the Revolution raised a regiment and marched with roosters of that family crowing on the top of his baggage wagons. The badge of the Delawarians, ladies and gentlemen, is a rooster printed in blue, on silk, stitched to a miniature flag.

The Sanitary Commission in the Field.

UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION, WOMAN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH, 1307 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, 1864.—Mrs. Holstein writes from White House, Va., under date of June 3d:

"Blessings on the Sanitary Commission. Surely such work must be blessed of God to all engaged in it. What would our freshly wounded men, lifted from the rough wagons, have done without the trifles we can which met them ere they were lifted out upon the ground? So far we have been prepared for all. Government does well. The Medical Department is well supplied, but the wounded all say that they can never thank the Sanitary Commission enough.

"June 1.—Worked until nine last evening, when we waited for the shelter of our tent, and a night's rest, we rested well, sleeping until 5 P. M. I tried to think I had been in sad scenes of suffering, and fully realized all the horrors of war; but all the past now seems to me as nothing compared to the seemingly endless trains of wounded pouring in upon us. Sincerely and humbly I thank 'our Father' for the little good which I can do. The heartfelt thanks of those we wait upon is all sufficient, often quite too much for me to bear. My work this day has been varied: dressing and bandaging simple wounds, washing off the dust and smoke of battle, directing and overseeing in our cook tent, helping to prepare the food and the like. The assistants say that we fed two thousand before the dinner hour, caldron after caldron of farina, corn-starch, soup, &c., was sent from here. In addition our feeding station for this corps was pushed to its utmost. The Government kitchen the same, where this morning they furnished soup, the rest of the day, hard tack and coffee. From our tent at dinner we sent out caldrons of chicken soup, and beef and green peas for some. This one work of feeding the wounded is vast, beyond what is thought of at home. At supper the number was less—a transport having been sent North. Our Auxiliary Relief Corps assist in all we do, and do it well. I wish it were possible to give a faithful transcript of one day's doings; crutches given, arm slings fitted, shirts made comfortable over mangled arms, men bathed, fed, wounds dressed, all hurried, continued, steady work. I gave my only straw pillow to a badly wounded sergeant, who thanked me enough to make me sleep sweet without it.

"We expect long trains of wounded again to-morrow. On our way here, numerous vessels passed us loaded with troops for the front. They pour through in one continuous stream, far outnumbering the returning one of mangled forms, sent back to us for the care which we all so gladly give them.

"Mr. Hoffman oversees the burial of the dead. The service of the Episcopal church is used for all—each grave dug separately, and the body carefully interred—graves marked and numbered; and all money and effects handed over to the Sanitary Commission, to be forwarded to friends.

"We have a rebel woman prisoner—an Orderly Sergeant in Artillery—who was the last to leave the gun when captured.

"But it is late. Tired and used up for the day, I have written hastily."

The General Secretary of the Sanitary Commission has addressed the following letter to the Boston Journal, in correction of some recent statements of that paper; giving also an interesting account of the general results of the fairs lately held for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission:

U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION, 823 B'WAY,
New York, April 29, 1864.

To the Editor of the Boston Journal:

In the Journal of the 27th inst., is an article headed "The Sanitary and Christian Commissions," in which you remark, after a well-deserved commendation of the Christian Commission and its peculiar work, that the "Sanitary Commission has now more funds than it can judiciously spend, if the war continues a year longer; that its storehouses are filled with goods, and its treasury is overflowing." This statement is very erroneous, and of a character to injure the cause of the United States Sanitary Commission. The store-houses of the Commission are not "filled with goods." The series of fairs has arrested the flow of sanitary stores to such an extent, that the receipts at the store-houses of the Commission have for some months past been at least *fifty per cent. less* than for a corresponding period of 1863. Previously to the series of fairs lately held, the Sanitary Commission received about six dollars' worth of stores to every dollar in money, and could barely meet the urgent demands for supplies in the field and hospitals, by economizing its expenditures, and by very large purchases of such articles as condensed milk, condensed coffee, stimulants, anti-scorbutics, bed clothing and hospital clothing.

The Sanitary Commission has not received into its treasury all the funds raised by the fairs; more than half has gone into the treasuries of branch associations, and been expended in the purchase of supplementary stores. If the Sanitary Commission had received all the money raised by the various fairs, it still would be straitened in its means by the great falling off in the supply of supplementary stores. As the flow of supplies into the storehouses has fallen off more than fifty per cent., while the demands upon the Commission have everywhere increased, you can readily understand that the necessity of purchasing out of the funds of the Commission, at the present high prices of everything, not only prevents any thing like an "overflowing" treasury, but threatens a rapid exhaustion. The Sanitary Commission has now existed nearly three years, and attained a large measure of the confidence of the public and of the national forces. Its operations reach every column of the army, and meet a corresponding dependence on the part of the soldiers. If the people are persuaded that the Sanitary Commission has grown rich, and therefore in need of nothing, in less than two months the storehouses of the Commission will be empty and its treasury exhausted, in the vain attempt to eke out the funds raised by the fairs in the purchase of the supplies of flannel under-clothing, dried fruits, blankets, stimulants, &c., &c.

The people all over the country must be stimulated to continue their contributions of stores, or else the victims of the fearful campaigns now pending will fail to receive the full measure of succor and comfort that they have heretofore received from the homes of the land, through the agency of the United States Sanitary Commission. Let the Christian Commission be sustained in its glorious work, but let it not be by any diversion of either stores or money for such a purpose from the channels of the United States Sanitary Commission.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. FOSTER JENKINS,
Gen. Sec. of the U. S. Sanitary Com'n.

DONATIONS

MONDAY, June 13, 1864.

The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies, since the last report:—

PENNSYLVANIA.

Ladies' Aid, Stroudsburg, Monroe co., Miss Anna M. Stokes, Sec'y, 2 kegs; Rush, Susquehanna co., 1 keg, 1 box; Middlesex Union Aid, Cumberland co., Miss Kate Culver, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Lockhaven, Clinton co., Mrs H. D. Barton, Sec'y, 2 boxes; Soldiers' Aid, Montrose, Susquehanna co., Miss E. C. Blackman, Sec'y, Nos. 57 and 58; Ladies' Aid, Wellsboro', Tioga co., Miss Martha P. Emory, Sec'y, 1 keg, 2 boxes; unknown (expressed from Montrose Village), 1 bbl.; Ladies' Aid, Pineville, Bucks co., A. R. Trego, Sec'y, 1 box; Mrs. Isaac Morris, 1 pkg.; Miss Mayer, 1 pkg.; Soldiers' Aid, Mansfield, Tioga co., Mrs S. Morris, Sec'y, 2 boxes, 2 kegs, 1 bbl.; Ladies' Aid, Danville, Montour co., Miss M. A. Montgomery, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Bloomsburg, Columbia co., Mrs. H. J. John, Sec'y, 3 boxes; Ladies' Aid, Port Carbon, Schuylkill co., 1 box; loyal women, Yoder township, Cambria co., 1 bbl.; Ladies' Aid, Picture Rocks, Miss A. R. Sprout, 1 bbl.; Soldiers' Aid, Reading, Berks co., Miss C. C. Gries, Sec'y, 1 keg, 1 firkin, 4 boxes; Miss Seltzinger, Port Kennedy, 3 boxes, 1 pkg.; Miss N. Wharton, 1 pkg.; Quartermaster Department, Harrisburg, 6 boxes; Soldiers' Aid, Stony Fork, Tioga co., Mrs. J. B. Palmer, Sec'y, 1 box, 1 bbl., 1 keg; Women's Union Aid, Williamsport, Lycoming co., Miss Lucy A. Snyder, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Sunbury, Northumberland co., E. Donald, Sec'y, 3 boxes, 2 kegs; Ladies' Aid, Pottstown, Montgomery co., Anna E. Steele, Sec'y, 1 keg; North and East Coventry, Ladies' Aid, 1 keg; Sanitary Fair, through Mrs. Lathrop, 3 kegs, 1 box, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Westfield, Tioga co., L. J. Goodspeed, Sec'y, 2 boxes; Ladies' Aid, Jackson, Susquehanna co., Mrs S. M. Foster, Sec'y, 1 bbl.; Soldiers' Aid, Lainsburg, Tioga co., Mrs. R. K. Brundage, Sec'y, box No. 5; Ladies' Aid, Pottsville, Schuylkill co., Miss A. Silliman, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Attleboro, Bucks co., Miss Jenny Canby, Sec'y, [illegible] bbls.; Soldiers' Aid, Little Meadows, Susquehanna co., Mrs. H. L. Beardslee, Sec'y, 1 bbl.; Soldiers' Aid, Forest Lake, S[illegible] Mrs. M. I. Bright, Sec'y, 1 keg, 1 Aid, Centre Square, Montgomery co Sec'y, 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Read Miss C. C. Gries, Sec'y, 1 bbl., 1 ke North Branch and Sciota, 1 box; La non. Jessie D. Roedel, Sec'y, 1 bo Hughesville, Lycoming co., Emm 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Muncy, Lycomi H. Johnson, Sec'y, 1 box; Air Town 2 boxes, 1 keg; Aid Society, McCo ton co., R. C. Hoke, Sec'y, 1 box; boxes, 1 bbl.; Charles Ellis, Son Cologne, &c.

NEW JERSEY.

Mrs. G. W. Farmer, Hommontow

NEW YORK.

Ladies' Aid, Palmyra, 3 bbls., 2 b

A Breakfast in the

[M. Adolphe d'Assier thus rela ence of the fertility and abundan found in the virgin forests of Bra

One day I asked an old neg could procure me a breakfast in what implements he would emplo

"Nothing is easier," he replie require my knife."

On the next Sunday we start hour, with two mules and the k and guide was formerly chief of Guinea coast, and indulged in the his loving subjects to slave de and rum. Once, when he could cargo, the captain invited him t on board. No negro declines tion; but great was his surprise when he found himself out at sea He had grown accustomed to sl and consoled himself by the beli when it quitted his body, would r He had also acquired a knowledg and described to me all the plant the roadside, and all the animals

"Senhor, keep away from tha your left. It is an ant hill, an mule would be devoured if you creatures."

With these words he made a l kept at a respectful distance. It fortress of the giant-ants, which rous in the hot zone, and of wh and Indians are terribly afraid.

"Senhor, this stream through riding contains numerous caiman is monkey-bread," and with this sort of small yellow apple; it i but there are people who eat it.

We rode for several hours thro ed plantations, and at every mo called my attention to somethin to fruits, out of which the senl sweetest preserves; at another to or to streams, near which he h strous snakes, or to huts, which female negroes used for nocturn In the midst of his explanations, reached the skirt of the virgin f tremendous noise. It reminded the rolling of thunder, the rattlin the creaking of a heavily-laden paved street. I started a little, negro what it meant.

"Nothing, Senhor; merely bea are amusing themselves, and p morning toilette. The male, wh nized by his long beard, is squa surrounded by his harem, which a dozen females. The latter li him in turn, he responds to their and hence arises this noise."

I would gladly have had a clo matutinal toilette, but when we c apes went away, leaping from tre

We halted in a clearing, and t work at once. He first thrust th knife into the earth, surrounded l set a cap on the point, and th blow, produced sparks which f When the fire blazed up, he took went in search of cooking uten sils. Ten minutes later he ret after him a bamboo in one ha other a young cabbage-palm. I out of the bamboo with a knot at a quadrangular hole in the top o off crown of the cabbage-palm in with water, carefully closed the the bamboo in the middle of th to feel alarmed about my break going to be boiled in so inflamma midst of the fire, but he said, animity which is characteristic of

"Do not be frightened, senh there is water in it the vessel is a the water has nearly disappear that the breakfast is ready."

While his cauldron was bubb gathered in the neighboring strea which are very common in the America. He took up his bamb piece off, and mixed the salad wi lemons, which he had gathered pimento served for pepper and a juice was a substitute for oil and the rest of the bamboo he cut m glass. When the worthy cook h cast a glance at the pot on the f ing that the bamboo was begin drew it out, and said:

"Senhor, your breakfast is rea

My napkin was the grass, my I did ample justice to the boiled in taste much resembled mushroo was glorious, and for dessert I with an enormous shell, roasted

"If your honor now likes to the negro said, "I will build y foot of this tree. The branches sun cannot penetrate, and you quilly. In the meanwhile I will ready. I will set traps and catch there are many of these animals holes are all around us. The m cate, and the shell will supply time with a dish. I will bake roo which are as good as the finest p vas, which I saw close by, will s preserve such as you have never dessert I can give you magnifice

Since this first experience I h found myself in a similar situa ever been amazed at the inexhau which a man is able to find forest. It is possible to make th neys over these immeasurable so they intended merely to be trav habited by Indians forever?

But few remains exist of the sided in the virgin forest prior of America. The traditions g missionaries and historians tell us of Cabral's landing, two tribes, the Tapuyas, were contending fo the regions of the Atlantic. The

Susquehanna co., pkg; Whitpain ., S. A. Conard, ing, Berks co., g, Soldiers' Aid, dies' Aid, Leba- ; Soldiers' Aid, a Biddle, Sec'y, ing co., Miss S. ship Aid Society, nnellsburg, Ful- Central Fair, 10 & Co., 10 cases

rn, 1 pkg.

boxes.

Forest.

tes his experi- ce of food to be zil:]

gro whether he the forest, and ey.

d, "and I only

ed, at an early nife. My cook a tribe on the habit of selling alers for heads not complete a drink a glass such an invita- next morning and in chains! lavery however, f that his soul, eturn to Africa. e of the forest, s that grew on we met, t elevation on d you and your disturbed the

ong circuit, and was, in fact, a are very nume- ich the negroes

which we are . Senhor, here he pointed to a not very nice,

ugh old desert- ment my guide g; at one time noras made the medical plants, ad killed mon- the male and al rendezvous. and just as we orest, I heard a me at once of g of drums, and wagon along a and asked the

rded apes who erforming their o can be recog- tting on a tree, consists of half ck and smooth blandishments,

ser peep at this drew nearer the e to tree.

he negro set to e handle of his t with dry moss, en, by a sharp dred the moss. his knife and sils and provi- rned, dragging nd, and in the He cut a piece each end, made nd, laid the cut- it, filled it up hole, and laid e fire. I began fast, which was able a pot in the with that equa- the negro: ner; so long as ll right. When d, it is a sign

ling, the negro n water-cresses, whole of South oo again, cut a th pimento and *en route*. The alt; the lemon- vinegar. From e a plate and a nd finished, he ire, and on see- ing to cool, he

dy."

table a stone. cabbage, which ons. The salad had chestnuts in the ashes.

take a siesta," on a hut at the s are close, the will sleep tran- get the dinner h an armadillo; here, and their eat is very deli- us at the same ots in the ashes, potatoes. Guay- upply us with a tasted, and for at pitangas."

have frequently ution, and have stible resources in the primeval he longest jour- litudes, but are elled over or in-

nations that re- to the discovery athered by the that at the time the Tupis and or supremacy in last descendants

of the Tupis are the Bugres of Saint Catharina and Saint Paulo. They appear to have been the aborigines, while the Tapuyas probably came from the north. Their descendants the Botokudes, who wander about the frontier of Minas Geraes, unmistakably bear the Mongolian type, and some of their word-roots seem to confirm their Asiatic origin. These Indians are no longer able to check the settler, but they have intrusted their vengeance to other children of the forest, who cannot be easily driven back, and fight with weapons that are no less dangerous than the poisoned arrows of the Indians. They are, so to speak, unassailable sentries, who watch in every corner of the forest, in order to defend the latter against the ever-increasing encroachments of European civilization.

In the first rank evidently stands the ape, whom the negro regards as his personal enemy. It is the monkey that destroys his maize crops, with whose produce he hopes to cover his outlay for tobacco and spirits. "We might stand it," a mulatto complained to Assier, "if this accursed brute were satisfied with eating its fill; but when it is quite full it gnaws as many stalks as it can, fastens the leaves together, hangs them round its neck as an amulet, and carries them home to its young." In spite of his superstitious fear of the monkey, the negro pursues it passionately, though with slight success. The slave has only Sunday free for the chase, and the monkey is well aware of this dangerous day, on which it is doubly on its guard. Of the cleverness which this human-looking animal displays in danger, Assier gives us an amusing anecdote.

He had ordered a negro to procure him a monkey, whose greatly bepraised flesh he wished to taste, but received instead an enormous lizard, which might have been taken for a young caiman.

"Do you call this a monkey?" he asked the sportsman.

"Senhor, it is not my fault that I have not kept my word. Just imagine, I twice took aim at one of these accursed animals, and twice let my gun fall. I was standing on the skirt of a maize-field behind a tree, watching for my game. As it is not Sunday to-day, I thought to myself that I should not require to remain any length of time at my post. In fact, half an hour had not passed when I saw a monkey coming in my direction. It was a female, but the malice of these creatures is so great that they smell the sportsman. At the moment when I took aim, the monkey noticed the danger, and as she could not fly, on account of the young one by her side, she hit on the notion of holding the latter up to me in her arms, as if begging me not to do her harm. I hesitated for a moment, but then raised my gun again, and was going to pull the trigger, when she begged for mercy with so comical a look that I let my gun drop a second time. She then made fresh faces at me, as if to thank me, and took to flight.

"You ought to have stuck to your post and waited for another monkey," Assier said.

"It is plain, the negro replied, "that senhor is not acquainted with the monkeys. I do not know whether they have a language of their own, or how they explain to one another, but so much is certain that a monkey who has seen a gun-barrel informs his companions, so that the sportsman loses his time if he remain in the field where he has been noticed. Hence I went into the forest and shot this lizard, that I might not return empty-handed. Its flesh is tender, if not so good as that of the monkey."

ALLEGED DESTITUTION OF THE REBELS.—An army correspondent of the New York Times says: "I have seen a great many prisoners lately. Their appearance entirely refutes the very current story that the rebel army is in a destitute and starving condition. It is simply idle to talk about starving the enemy into submission. The rebel soldiers, as a general thing, are stout, strong, and the very picture of health. It is insulting to our own brave men that the statements so industriously circulated respecting the feebleness and lack of power or endurance of the southern soldiers should be believed. The rations of the rebel troops may not be in as great variety as those furnished to our men, but they have proved to be fully as nutricious. This fact cannot be gainsaid."

THE Paris *Siecle* says it has received a private letter respecting the treatment to which Polish women are subjected by the Russians, which contains such terrible details that it does not dare to publish them. "They are torn from their families and transported to Siberia," says the *Siecle*. "They are given like the slaves of old to pitiless masters, who force them to contract fresh unions. Here marriage ties are broken. The letter we have does not confine itself to vague allegations; it cites persons and names. If Russia continues her system of transporting the Polish women, let them remember that Roman Empire which, after having also covered the world with its violence, was in turn overthrown amid violence and barbarism."

☞ A pamphlet by Dr. Carl Both, an educated German physician, gives a new theory and cure of tuberculous consumption. The Doctor finds the origin of the disease in non-use of the lungs to their full extent; and his method of treatment, accordingly, consists in the extension and filling with air of all lung vesicles through inhalation and pressing of air into the lungs; in the exercise of the muscles, the cultivation of action of the skin through baths and frictions, and in the administration of food according to the case. He has no specific remedy, but his treatment varies with every case, the greatest force of it lying in the nourishment of patients.

☞ A distinguished New York surgeon, whose love of the art was such that he would at any time sooner amputate a leg than eat his dinner, had performed a very difficult and dangerous operation at Bellevue, and was expatiating to some friends on the exquisite beauty of the job. It was the most successful, he said, that he had ever performed. "Then the patient is recovering?" said a bystander. "Recovering! God bless you, man!" said the doctor, "no patient was ever known to survive that operation. The patient is as dead as Julius Cæsar, but the operation was beautiful—lovely!"

☞ During the storm on Monday evening last, as one of the sons of Mr. William Patterson of the Gore of Pittsburg, was returning home from a ploughing bee, with his team dragging the plough, and the young man having hold of one of the handles, the lightning struck the iron of the plough and dashed it into pieces, and singular to say never hurt the young man or the horses.

☞ The Spanish squadron still holds the Chincha Islands. Peru is getting ready for a fight, and Chili shows a disposition to aid her.

LATEST NEWS.

WASHINGTON, June 19, 9.45 P. M.—To Major General Dix, New York:—This evening a dispatch from City Point, dated at 9 o'clock this morning, reached the department. It reports that our forces advanced yesterday to within about a mile in front of Petersburg, where they found the enemy occupying a new line of entrenchments, which, after successive assaults, we failed to carry, but hold and have intrenched positions.

From the forces of the enemy within the new line it is inferred that Beauregard has been reinforced from Lee's army.

General Sherman reports to-day that "the enemy gave way last night in the midst of darkness and storm, and at daylight our pickets entered his line from right to left. The whole army is now in pursuit as far as the Chattahoochie. I start at once for Marietta."

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

General Sheridan has been heard from officially. On the morning of the 11th the enemy was attacked near Buckchild's house, about three miles north of Trevillian Station, and after an obstinate contest, was driven from successive lines of breastworks, through an almost impassable forest, to Trevillian. General Custer then got into the rear, and the rebels broke into a complete rout. Twenty officers, five hundred men, and three hundred horses, were captured. On the 12th the railroad from Trevillian to Louisa Court-house was effectually destroyed. At Gordonsville the enemy's position was found too strong to assault, and no general attack was made. The enemy's works were carried twice by a portion of the reserve brigade, but our forces were driven out by infantry. Night closed the contest. The next morning our forces were withdrawn across the North Anna, being short of ammunition, and the rebels having received reinforcements. Our loss in killed and wounded was 575, and 160 prisoners. Our forces captured 370 prisoners.

☞ An amusing incident, says the Selinsgrove (Pa.) Post, occurred in one of our churches last Sunday, which caused considerable tittering throughout the congregation. While the minister was in the midst of his sermon, a little boy about ten years of age quietly left his seat, took his hat, walked up to the pulpit and asked permission of the minister to leave the church, saying that he forgot to feed the pig. The request was granted, and the boy left; but returned in a few minutes, no doubt greatly relieved. It embarrassed the minister for some minutes afterwards.

☞ Miss Lizzie Mageeon, of St. Louis, has been awarded by the Sanitary Fair being held in that city, a handsome sewing machine as a reward for her labor. She has made during the past two years 500 cavalry overcoats, 8,000 pair of pants, 500 jackets, and 600 blouses.

☞ A new planet has been discovered between Mercury and Venus, whose annual revolution is about ninety-five days. It was first discovered in its transit across the sun's disk, and has has hitherto been supposed an ordinary spot on the sun's surface.

☞ MCCLELLAN TO HAVE A FORTUNE.—The New York Herald says:—From London we are informed that Gen. G. B. McClellan has a fair chance of being declared heir to the personal fortune of the late Sir John Campbell (Lord Clyde) the great warrior, who, it may be said, won the empire of India to England. The family history of the case shows that the hero of the Potomac army stands already well on the list of heirs presumptive in the case.

☞ A curious fact was made known at the lying-in hospital in Vienna, viz.: that the physicians and students coming from the dissecting-room poisoned the patients they handled, in spite of the washing given their hands, and the mortality was four times greater on their side of the hospital than on the other.

☞ The Tribune compliments Henry C. Carey, of this city, as "a far abler and profounder political economist than John Stuart Mill."

☞ A traveller writing home from the coast of Africa, says:—"The people die fast, and the sheep have very long tails." Sufficiently concise for any readers.

☞ A POSTSCRIPT.—George Selwyn once affirmed in company that no woman ever wrote a letter without a postscript. "My next letter shall refute you," said Lady G. Selwyn soon after received a letter from her ladyship, when after her signature stood:—P. S. "Who is right now, you or I?"

☞ ARROIT ROGUES.—A letter from Rome, in the Perseveranza of Milan, relates the following audacious attack:—"A priest, when returning home in the evening, was stopped by a band of thieves, who began to rifle his pockets. While so occupied, the rascals, perceiving a French patrol approaching, compelled the priest to intone a portion of the litany, which he did, they kneeling round him meanwhile and devoutly responding, "Ora pro nobis!" The soldiers, taking them for a group of devotees, many of whom thus pray in public, passed on; and the moment they were out of sight the thieves completed their operation, and left the priest without a single bajocco."

☞ A military strabismus—Butler squinting at Richmond.

☞ Lord Shaftesbury recently stated, in a public meeting in London, that, from personal observation, he had ascertained, that of adult male criminals of that city, nearly all had fallen into a course of crime between the ages of eight and sixteen years, and that if a young man lived an honest life up to twenty years of age, there were forty-nine chances in favor, and only one against him, as to an honorable life thereafter.

☞ M. Allard, a distinguished painter of Lyons, has been murdered in his studio at Rome, by a man who was sitting to him as a model for Judas, in a picture representing Judas giving the kiss to the Saviour.

☞ Fifty-six actors and actresses are about to leave France for Mexico, where a court theatre will be established.

☞ During the recent furlough of the Second Iowa cavalry two hundred marriages took place in the regiment, there being twenty-nine marriages in one company alone.

☞ One hundred and fifty female recruits have been discovered in our army, and made to resume the garments of their sex.

☞ Earl Russell, it is said, exchanged walking sticks with Garibaldi at their last meeting. Probably it was a hint to the latter to "walk Spanish."

☞ Coal, water, and a little oil, are all that the steam engine, with its bowels of iron and heart of fire, needs to enable it to go on working night and day, without rest or sleep.

"THE GLOVE."

I.

Since you have asked, I needs must tell the history
  Of how I gained yon pearly little glove:
Alas! it is the key to no soft mystery,
  Nor gage of tourney in the lists of love.

II.

'Twas thus I found it,—through the city's bustle
  I wandered one still autumn eve, alone:
A tall slight form rushed by with silken rustle,
  And past into a carriage, and was gone.

III.

One glance I had, in that I caught the gleaming
  Of violet eyes, o'er which the ripp'ling tress
Glanced gold,—a face like those we see in dreaming,
  As perfect in its shadowy loveliness.

IV.

And so she passed, a glorious light about her
  Clothed like a summer-dawn, in silver-gray,
And left the crowded street as dark without her
  As winter skies whose moon had passed away.

V.

This little gauntlet which her hand was clasping,
  Fell from her as she reached the carriage door,
And floated down, as flotters from the aspen
  Some trembling leaflet whose brief day is o'er.

VI.

And I,—I found it on the pavement lying
  Pale as the marble Venus-missing hand,
Or some small flake of foam which Ocean flying,
  Leaves in a furrow of the moistened sand.

VII.

She was so like some queen of the ideal—
  With that bright brow, those soft eyes' shadowy gleam—
I fain would keep this pledge to prove her real,
  To mark her difference from an airy dream.

VIII.

And though her glove has unto me been donor
  Of much sweet thought, yet I can think it well
That she should know as little of its owner
  As I of her from whose fair hand it fell.

IX.

Why should I drag her from her high position,
  Her niche above this work-day world's long reach?
Hardly a fact, nor wholly yet a vision,
  She joins for me the better parts of each.

A. M. B.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART XXIX.

SORROW.

To describe the sorrow, the consternation that fell on all Hallingham in the loss of Dr. Davenal, would be a fruitless task. People could not believe that he was really dead. It had been asserted that the danger was past, and he was getting better rapidly. They looked at each other in a bewildered sort of way, and asked what he had died of? Of a neglected cold, was the answer of those who knew best, or supposed they knew—the medical body of Hallingham. And indeed there was little doubt that they were correct; the immediate malady which had deprived the town of that valuable life, was a very simple thing—a cold, neglected at the onset.

Sara Davenal was stunned; stunned with the weight of the calamity, with the grief it brought. And yet it probably fell upon her with less startling intensity than it would have done had she been in the full suntide of prosperity. She had been recently living in nothing but sorrow. The grief and terror brought to her by that night's unhappy secret, (which you now know was connected with her brother,) had been succeeded by the withdrawal of the friendship—to call it by a light name—of Oswald Cray. She had believed that the world could bring no other calamity that could add to her misery: she had not thought of that most grievous one—a father's death.

In all pain there must be a reaction: the very violence of the first grief induces it; and it came sooner to Sara Davenal than it does to most sufferers. Or, it may be, that the grave, the *real* nature of the grief, brought its own effects. Had it been simple mourning alone, the natural sorrow for the loss of a good and loving father, she might have gone on weeping for months: but there was behind it that heritage of terror on her brother's account, there was the consciousness that with her the heavy secret was left, and the completion of its purchase. The blinding tears ceased, the lively grief settled down into one long, inward, dull agony; and ere many days went over, she had become in manner almost unnaturally cold and calm. "How well his daughter bears it," the town said, when it had an opportunity of seeing her. In her subdued manner, her still face, her low, measured tones which never trembled, they read only serene resignation. Ah! how few of us think to remember in every-day life that it is the silent grief that does its work within.

She was obliged so soon to set about her responsibilities. Dr. Davenal's request to her had been to post a certain letter that she would find in his desk within four-and twenty hours of his decease: to post it herself. On the afternoon of the day following the death, she carried the desk to her own room and examined it. There was the letter to Edward, there was the letter to Oswald Cray; both were lying where she had placed them; and there was the packet addressed to herself. The letter it enclosed was directed "Mr. Alfred King, care of Messrs. Jones and Green, Essex-street, Strand, London." The directions to herself were very clear. As soon as the money was realized she was to write and appoint an interview with Mr. Alfred King, and pay over to him the two thousand five hundred pounds, upon his delivering up to her certain papers, copies of which were enclosed. This interview might take place at Hallingham if Mr. Alfred King would journey to it: if he declined, she would be under the necessity of going to London and meeting him at Messrs. Jones and Green's. But on no account was she to pay the money by deputy or by letter, because it was essential that she should examine the papers that would be delivered to her, and see that they tallied with the copies written down. Mr. Alfred King would then have to sign a receipt, which the doctor had written and sealed up, and which, he added, she had better not unseal until the moment came for signing it. The papers to be delivered up and these copies of them she was then to burn. As soon as she reached home and the privacy of her own room she was to burn them, but the receipt she was to reseal up and keep until the return of Edward Davenal, to whom she would then hand it. If Edward died abroad, then that was also to be burnt.

Sara looked at the sealed-up receipt, it was very thin, as if only a small piece of paper was enclosed. She read the copies of the papers to be delivered to her, and, so far as she could understand, they seemed to be promissory notes or bills, drawn by Alfred King, and accepted by her father, Richard Davenal. She sighed as she relocked all safely in the desk; and still she could not form any very definite idea of what Edward's crime had been.

The letter to Mr. Alfred King and the letter to Oswald Cray she kept out, for they must be posted ere the day should close. She would go out at dusk and do it. Dr. Davenal had bade her write a few lines when she sent the latter, and she sat down and did it to the best of her ability. She was not quite sure whether he had wished Mr. Oswald Cray's letter to be sent immediately as the other, but in the uncertainty she deemed it well to send it. It could not make any difference; and she was so anxious to fulfill strictly the slightest wish of that beloved one, gone for ever. Perhaps the most bitter tears that Sara indulged in were those shed on that afternoon: the loss of the one gone was so recent; the responsibility of this that she would have to undertake seemed so near.

You who have inhabited a house where one very dear is lying dead, must have been struck with the strange mockery of the contrast that the every-day routine of petty cares presents to the solemnity of the death-chamber. Breakfast, and dinner, and tea, and supper! They must be catered for, and laid, and sat down to, and eaten: while the silent inmate of that shut-in room has done with such for ever. It is in these moments that the poor wants of life, necessities though they are, show out in all their paltry littleness. The contrast is so startling when compared with the solemn rest, as our ideas teach us, of that future world to which the departed one has gone.

The dinner was laid at six, as usual, on that first day of morning, and Miss Davenal, Sara, and Mrs. Cray sat down to it. Mrs. Cray had come in the early morning, full of loud weeping and lamentation, and had not gone away again. They sat down and eat their dinner; perhaps it was but a poor pretence after all; and Neal waited with a subdued face and a softer tread than ever. Soon after the cloth was removed, Sara slipped out of the room, went up stairs for a bonnet and shawl, and came down with the letters—and encountered her aunt and Caroline in the hall, who were moving to the drawing-room.

Had everybody been dead in the house, Miss Davenal would have had forms and ceremonies kept up just the same. It was not that she did not sincerely mourn her brother, or was in any degree indifferent to his loss, but the one thing was quite distinct and apart from the other, and she saw no reason why they should not be kept so. She was completely taken by surprise at the sight of Sara with her things on, and believed nothing less than that grief had taken away her niece's senses.

"I shall be back almost directly, aunt. I must go. It is upon a little business."

"But you can't go," objected Miss Bettina. "I never heard of such a thing. Go out into the open streets when your poor papa—"

Neal came gliding forward from his pantry.

"Is it any errand that I can do, Miss Sara?"

She felt vexed—confused—ill. What if her aunt should get Mr. King's letter from her?—see its address, and question her upon it?—even open it in her perhaps justifiable curiosity? Sick at heart as she was, her white face assumed an expression of resolution that Miss Davenal had never seen on it before, looking not unlike defiance.

"Aunt Bettina, you cannot think I am going abroad by choice to-night; you might know that only necessity sends me. When my dear father was dying, he bade me post a letter for him with my own hands as soon as I conveniently could after his death. That is what I am going to do. Open the door, Neal."

Her voice, her extended hand, bore a command in them that Neal had never been treated to, and he held wide the door. Sara went forth with a firm step: had Dr. Davenal bade her go through a sea of fire for him, she would have pressed on to it in her loving obedience. She put the two letters safely in the post: it was not seven, therefore they would be dispatched that night: and then she returned home, to take her seat in the drawing-room with her aunt and Caroline, and to parry their questions of curiosity.

And as the days went on, each day enabled her more effectually to bury her pain, and she became so still and calm that people thought how soon she had overcome her grief. She constantly prayed for strength and calmness; she made a firm resolution to go about every duty that appeared to rise before her, shrinking from none. Girl though she was in years, she was beginning to feel old in sorrow; no teacher is like unto it. There are woes that bring more experience to the heart in the first night of their falling, than will half a lifetime of smooth years.

It was through the letters sent to him that Oswald Cray first learnt the death of Dr. Davenal. He was seated at his breakfast-table in Parliament street, eyes and thoughts buried in the "Times," when Benn came in with the letters, a whole stack of them, and laid them down by his side. There Oswald let them lie: and it was only in gathering them up later to take down and open in his business-room that his eye fell on one in particular.

He knew the writing well, and a flush of emotion rose to his face at sight of it. Rapidly singling it out, he let the others fall on the table again, and opened it. It was rather a large envelope, with a black border and black seal, and the note bore the date of the previous day. A second letter accompanied it.

"My dear Mr. Oswald Cray,

"I do not know whether I shall be the first to tell you of the death of my dear father. He died last night, about ten o'clock. An hour or two previously he penned the enclosed note to you, and he bade me add a few lines when I forwarded it, to explain that when he attempted it, he was almost past writing. But that he made this an especial request, I would not have troubled you with anything from myself: indeed I am scarcely capable of writing coherently to-day, for my grief is very great.

"Believe me very sincerely yours,

"Sara Davenal."

The first rapid gat
sense over, he leaned h
read the words delibe
note that her good se
write under the altered
He felt that it was—
her hesitation and the
not rather address him
If those dandy clerks in
grave gentlemen with w
in contact during the
press those two words,
lips! He, the reserved,
siness; he of the cold,
the name as passionate
that in his first love-let

And then he recolle
wits, which had certa
came back to him, a
far deeper than the la
shame that he should
such folly. Besides,
help him to forget her
him that he should do.

He took up the not
could scarcely believe
writing was traced by
of Dr. Davenal. It ra

"My Dear Friend,
the coolness that has
that all should be frie
hour.

"The expected mon
is at last to come to
spared to urge its set
do you urge it. As so
let Mark secure it to
she and her children
back upon in case
young, both thoughtl
selves in the matter,
the money, so that it
either. If Mark—I c
failing. Fare you

And he was dead!
wald forgot all his do
and leaped back in
he had respected him
world. *Had* he died
upon him? *How* wei
extend? It seemed
soon have followed La
hastened his death?
thoughts, which Oswa
he did feel a deep sen
Dr. Davenal, and wish
been spared to him.

It was incumbent o
note, and he sat dow
drew a sheet of paper

"My Dear—"

There he stopped.
her? My dear Miss
Sara? The one seem
how long he had cal
that the present mom
make all her friends
But yet—My dear Sa
he should not. So he

"My Dear Miss Da

"I do indeed hea
in your great afflictio
and his, that the doct
You do not give me a
not at such a moment
his death must have b
low me to exercise th
begging you to endea
us it is possible for yo
keen moments of grie
ham, I will, with you
and Miss Davenal, an
my heartfelt sympath
now and always your

"Miss Sara Davena

"Of course Mark m
said to himself as
contents of the docte
not to be supposed
However, I'll mention
lingham."

And, gathering the
them in his private d
ter on his day's work
letters in his hand.

On the day subsequ
Davenal, Sara told h
see the two little boy
that they should be s
ral, but Miss Davenal
young, she considere
miserable to care ab
ment do trifles seem
case.

Miss Davenal again
fact, had lookers-on
they might have see
course of herself and
somewhat antagonist
jected to Sara's prop
her to defer it for a w

"But, aunt, I want
"I know how grieve
Dick is random and
tender heart. And p
sage to deliver to him

"I say that it is t
Miss Davenal. "A
seen gadding about
after your poor pa
house."

"Oh, aunt! Gadd
she struggled with he
terrible weight of se
with her wherever sh
contrast to the word.
ever living in her h
peared of little con
might say. She belie
the boys as soon as
resolved that her du
performed to the utte

"I must go, aunt,"
doing right."

She walked in her
crape veil over her fa
the porters got her
into the carriage. W
of the man or not, sh
else was put into the
felt quite grateful t
steamed on, and she
ded seat.

The train was exp
station where she wa
hour and a half. D
near. To gain its fro
the large play-ground
their midday play, a

hering-in of the general
is elbow on the table and
rately. It was just the
ase would prompt her to
relations between them.
ut he had not witnessed
doubt whether she should
formally than as a friend.
the rooms below, if those
hom he would be brought
day, had but seen him
"Sara Davenal," to his
self-possessed man of bu-
proud spirit!—he kissed
ly as any schoolboy kisses
ter.

cted himself; and as his
inly gone wool-gathering,
nother flush dyed his face
t had dyed it; a flush of
have been betrayed into
hat was not the way to
; as it was imperative on

e of the doctor. And he
that that weak scrawling
the once bold, clear hand
n as follows:—

—I call you so in spite of
ome between us. I would
nds with me in my dying

ey, as you probably know,
Caroline. I shall not be
tlement upon herself, but
on as it shall be paid over,
Caroline absolutely, so that
ay have something to fall
of need. They are both
ss, and, if left to them-
ill be almost sure to waste
would do no real good to
annot write more: sight is
well, My Friend,

"R. D."

For a few moments, Os-
ubts and fears of the man,
memory to the time when
more than anybody in the
with that weight of guilt
ghty was it? how far did it
strange that he should so
dy Oswald. Had remorse
But, in spite of these
ld called not up willingly,
se of regret, of sorrow, for
ed that his life might have

n him to answer the other
n to his writing-table and
towards him, and began:

How should he address
Davenal?—or My dear
ed too formal, considering
led her Sara, considering
ent of deep sorrow should
especially tender to her.
ra?—better perhaps that
finally began:

VENAL,
rtily sympathize with you
n. I wish, for your sake
or's life had been spared.
y particulars—and I could
expect them—but I fear
een sudden. Will you al-
e privilege of a friend, in
vor to bear up as bravely
u to do, in these the first
f. When next at Halling-
r permission, call on you
d express to you in person
y. Meanwhile believe me
truly sincere friend,

"O. Oswald Cray.

l."

ust settle it upon her!" he
he glanced again at the
or's note to him. "It is
he would do otherwise.
it when I go next to Hal-

papers together, he locked
esk, and went down to en-
, carrying the rest of the

ent to the interment of Dr.
er aunt she should go and
s. It had been her wish
ent for to attend the fune-
objected; they were over
ed. Sara was too really
out it: of what little mo-
whom the mind is ill at

objected to her visit. In
been gifted with prevision,
en that the opinions and
niece would be henceforth
ic to each other. She ob-
posed visit, recommending
eek or two.
to see them," urged Sara.
d they have been: though
ight-headed, he has a most
apa gave me a dying mes-
."
oo soon to go," repeated
pretty thing for you to be
ut of doors the very day
pa was taken from the

ing! I—" for a moment
r tears: the thought of the
rrow she must carry out
he went, presented such a
At home or out, she was
reaking heart: and it ap-
sequence what the world
ved it was her duty to see
possible, and she had fully
ty, in all ways, should be
rmost, Heaven helping her.
she said. "I think I am

deep mourning, with her
ce, to the station. One of
icket for her and saw her
whether by the good-feeling
e did not know, but no one
same compartment. She
o the man, as the train
lay back on the well-pad-

ess, and she reached "the
s to descend in less than an
r. Keen's house was very
nt entrance she had to pass
. The boys were out for
nd Dick Davenal's roving eye caught sight of her. He climbed over the railing, in spite of rules, and burst into tears as he laid hold of her. Sara had pictured the two boys in apple-pie order in their new mourning, quiet and subdued; but here they were in their ordinary clothes, dirty and dusty, and Dick had a woful rent in one knee.

"Oh, Sara! is it all true? Is he really dead and buried? Couldn't he cure himself?"

She subdued her own emotion—it was only in accordance with the line she had laid down for herself. She kissed the boy in the face of the sea of eyes peering through the rails, and held him near her as they advanced to the house. Leo, less daring than Dick, had gone round by the gate, and Sara drew him on her other side as he came running up.

She sat down in the room to which she was shown, holding the sobbing boys to her. As she had said to her aunt, Dick had a tender heart, and his sobs were loud and passionate. Leo cried with him. She waited to let their emotion have vent, holding their hands, bending now and again her face against theirs.

"*Couldn't* he be cured, Sara?"

"No, dears, he could not be cured. It was God's will to take him."

"Why didn't you have us home? Why didn't you let us say good bye to him?"

"There was no time. We thought he was getting better, and it was only quite at the very last we knew he was dying. He did not forget you and Leo, Dick. He bade me tell you—they were his own words—that Uncle Richard would have sent for you to take a last farewell, but that death came upon him too suddenly. He bade me tell you that you will meet him in that far-off land where your toils and his will be alike over; and—listen, children!—he charged you to be ever working on for it."

Their sobs came forth again. Leo was the first to speak.

"Have you written to Barbadoes to tell papa?"

"Aunt Bettina has. See, dears, here are two silver pencil-cases; they were both your Uncle Richard's. The one has his crest on it; the other his initials, R. D. I thought you would like to have some little remembrance of him, and I brought them. Which will you choose, Dick? You are the eldest."

Dick took the pencils in his hand and decided on the largest—the one that bore the initials. The stone was a beautiful one—a sapphire.

"Is it real, Sara?"

"Oh, yes. This is the best for you, as the initials would not stand for Leo. The other stone is real, too, Leo: opal. Try and not lose them."

"I'll never lose mine," avowed Dick. Leo only shook his head in answer, as he put the memento in his pocket.

The gifts had created a diversion, and the tears began to dry upon their faces; schoolboys' tears are not very deep. Sara spoke of their mourning, inquiring why it was not on.

"We wore it yesterday," said Dick. "And we had holiday, we two, and stopped in Mrs. Keen's parlor instead of going into school. But the housekeeper told us to put our other clothes on this morning; she said if we wore our black suit every day it would be done for in a week."

Not unlikely—by the specimen of the present suit Mr. Dick wore. Sara pointed to the rent in the knee.

"I know," said Dick, looking carelessly down at it. "I did it only just before I saw you, wrestling with a fellow. He says he is stronger than I am, but he isn't; so we were trying which was best man. All in good part, you know. I say, Sara, shall we come home for the holidays now, as we used to?"

"My dears, I don't know yet much about the future. It will be Aunt Bettina's home now. I think she will be sure to have you as usual."

"Why won't it be your home?" cried Dick, quickly.

"I shall live with Aunt Bettina. It will not be the same home for either of us—not the same house, I mean. I think—I don't know yet, but I think it likely Mr. Cray and Caroline will come to it. Perhaps Aunt Bettina will go to one of her own houses."

"Why can't you and Aunt Bettina stop in that?"

"It is too large for us, and the things are going to be sold."

"The things going to be sold?" repeated Dick, lifting his eyes and voice in amazement.

"Papa has so directed in his will. You know—at least I dare say you have heard—that Aunt Bettina has a great deal of very nice furniture, which has been lying by in a warehouse ever since she came to live with us. I can't tell you yet how things will be settled."

"I say, Sara, how slow and quiet you speak! and how pale you are!"

Sara swallowed down a lump in her throat.

"Papa was all I had left to me, Dick. Leo, my dear, you are quiet and pale, too!"

"I say, Sara—never mind Leo; he's all right—have you got a great fortune left you? The boys here were saying you'd have such a lot; you and the captain between you."

"The boys were mistaken, Dick. Papa has not died rich. He died something else, Dick—a good man. That is better than dying rich."

"If he wasn't rich, why did he give back that money that Lady Oswald left him?"

"Oh, Dick! Do you know that the remembrance of having given back that money was one of his consolations in dying. Dick, dear, he hoped you would work on always for that better world. But the acquiring money wrongfully, or the keeping it unjustly, would not, I think, help you on your road to it."

They were interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Keen, a kind, motherly woman. She insisted on Sara's taking off her bonnet and partaking of some refreshment. Sara yielded; choosing bread and butter and a cup of coffee. And Mrs. Keen and Dick and Leo afterwards walked with her back to the station.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ On a rough old sailor being asked by one of the members of a learned society to write an account of the manners and customs of a somewhat barbarous nation, whose territories he had lately been exploring, he put down the following exceedingly brief summary of the characteristics of the people in question: "Manners, none. Customs, nasty."

☞ THE RANKS.—If you step out of the ranks, the crowd may pass on, the vacant space may be occupied, and you never may be able to find your place again. There are more men than there are holes, and all the holes get filled up.

☞ MATRIMONY IN A HOSPITAL.—An Ohio captain, named Lewis, wounded in Virginia, has just been married in a Washington hospital, and his wife begins her honeymoon by nursing him.

A Midnight Adventure.

Females often possess presence of mind and the power of self-control under circumstances of imminent peril, which seems almost foreign to their nature, and beyond the endurance of a delicate organization. Here is a striking instance of self-command, by a lady whose fears must have been powerfully excited, and whose life of affluence had probably never before given her nerves any severer test than is incident to the vexations of domestic cares. We copy the adventure, premising, by way of explanation, that the lady was the daughter of a rector residing in a quiet English country village, and was upon the eve of marriage.

The wedding-day was to be on the morrow of that on which our adventure happened. Grand preparations were made for the wedding; and the rector's fine old plate, and the costly gifts of the bride, were discussed with pride and pleasure at the Hare and Hounds, in the presence of some strangers who had come down to a prize-fight which had taken place in the neighborhood.

That night, Adelaide, who had occupied a separate room from her sister, sat up late—long after all the household had retired to rest. She had a long interview with her father, and had been reading a chapter to which he had directed her attention, and since had packed up her jewels, etc. She was, consequently, still dressed when the church clock tolled midnight. As it ceased, she fancied she heard a low noise like that of a file; she listened, but could distinguish nothing clearly. It might have been made by some of the servants still about, or perhaps it was only the creaking of the old trees. She heard nothing but the sighing of the winter winds for many minutes afterwards. House-breakers were mere myths in primitive Tyndon, and the bride elect, without a single thought of fear, resumed her occupation. She was gazing on a glittering set of diamonds, designed to be worn at the wedding, when her bed-room door softly opened. She turned, looked up, and beheld a man with a black mask, holding a pistol in his hand, standing before her.

She did not scream, for her first thought was for her father, who slept in the next room, and to whom any sudden alarm might be death, for he was old, feeble, and suffering from heart complaint. She confronted the robber boldly, and addressed him in a whisper:

"You are come," she said, "to rob us. Spare your soul the awful guilt of murder. My father sleeps next to my room, and to be startled from his sleep would kill him. Make no noise, I beg of you."

The fellow was astonished and cowed.

"We won't make no noise," he replied suddenly, "if you give us everything quietly."

Adelaide drew back and let him take her jewels—not without a pang, for they were precious love-gifts, remarking at the same time that two other masked ruffians stood at the half-opened door. As he took the jewel-case and watch from the table, and demanded her purse, she asked him if he intended to go into her father's room. She received a surly affirmative; he wasn't a going to run all risk and leave the tin behind! She proposed instantly that she would go herself, saying:

"I will bring you whatever you wish, and you may guard me thither, and kill me if I play false to you."

The fellow consulted his comrades, and after a short parley they agreed to the proposal; and with a pistol pointed at her head, the dauntless girl crossed the passage and entered the old rector's room. Very gently she stole across the chamber, and removing his purse, watch, keys and desk, she gave them up to the robbers who stood at the door. The old man slept peacefully and calmly, thus guarded by his child, who softly shut the door, and demanded if the robbers were yet satisfied.

The leader replied that they should be when they had got the show of plate spread out below, and that they couldn't let her out of sight, and that she must go with them. In compliance with this mandate, she followed them down stairs to the dining-room, where a splendid wedding-breakfast had been laid to save trouble and hurry on the morrow. To her surprise, the fellows—eight in number when assembled—seated themselves and prepared to make a good meal. They ordered her to get them out wine, and to cut her own wedding-cake for them; and then seated at the head of the table, she was compelled to preside at this extraordinary revel.

They ate, drank, laughed and joked; and Adelaide, quick of ear and eye, had time so easily, in her quiet way, the figures and voices of the whole set.

When the repast was ended, and the plate transferred to a sack, they prepared to depart, whispering together and glancing at the young lady. For the first time Adelaide's courage gave way, and she trembled; but it was not a consultation against her, as it proved. The leader, approaching her, told her that they did not wish to harm her—that she was a jolly woman, regular game, and that they wouldn't hurt her, but that she must swear not to give the alarm till nine or ten the next day, when they should be off all safe. To this, of course, she was obliged to assent, and they all insisted on shaking hands with her. She noticed, during this parting ceremony, that one of the ruffians had only three fingers on the left hand.

Alone, and in the despoiled room, Adelaide, faint and exhausted, awaited the first gleam of daylight; then, as the robbers did not return, she stole up to her room, undressed, and fell into a disturbed slumber. The consternation of the family next morning may be imagined; and Adelaide's story was still more astounding than the fact of the robbery itself. Police were sent for from London, and they, guided by Adelaide's lucid description of her midnight guests, actually succeeded in capturing every one of the gang, whom the young lady had no difficulty in identifying and swearing to—the "three-fingered Jack" being the guiding clue to the discovery. The stolen property was nearly all recovered, and the old rector always declared—and with truth—that he owed his life to the self-possession and judgment of his only daughter.

The only ill-effect of the great trial to her nerves, was a disposition on the part of the young heroine to listen for midnight sounds, and start uneasily from troubled dreams; but time and change of residence soon effected her cure.

☞ Four lines more beautiful than these, says the Buffalo Express, are rarely written. The figure which it involves is exquisite:

A solemn murmur in the soul
Tells of the world to be,
As travellers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the sea.

SHIPWRECKED.

Look where the ships go down;
  Some silently and slow,
Upon the sea of Life,
  Full freighted with their woe;
Others, with tattered sail,
  From battling with rough wind,
Sink down with mournful wail,
  Nor leave one trace behind.

Look where the ships go down,
  All round us on the way;
Some strike on sudden rock,
  With warning clear as day;
And some, with calmest tide,
  Whose course ere now was bright,
Beneath the dark waves hide
  Their last uncertain light.

Look where the ships go down,
  The harbor full in view,
With warnings on the rocks
  To guide the traveller through.
Look where the wrecks go down,
  Or wander tempest-tossed,
With light and anchor gone;
  For ever, ever *lost!*

Oh, soul of mine, keep calm!
  Sail firmly on thy way,
To meet the great "I Am"
  At Heaven's all-crowning day;
Thy fears will all be o'er,
  Thy anchor then at rest,
And then for evermore
  Safe havened with the blest!

LORD LYNN'S WIFE.

CHAPTER V.

MISS CRAWSE SEES A FACE SHE KNOWS.

"Yes, Aunt Martha; the letter was from Liverpool, from mamma. Would you like to see it?" And Miss Crawse let the linen that she was marking drop upon her knee, laid aside the pen and the indelible ink, and produced a letter from her pocket. But Mrs. Killick—for this conversation took place in the little dining-room of the surgeon's house at Patcham Cross Roads—Mrs. Killick had weak eyes, and she shook her head despondently as she glanced at the closely written sheets of thin bluish note-paper.

"No use at all, my dear," said she, going on with her monotonous task of darning socks; "no use for me to blind myself over poor Susan's small crisscrossed handwriting. If she wrote clear and black like you— But you can tell me just as well what she says. Does my sister scold me for not writing? And did she get the preserves all right? And how is poor Sarah?

Miss Crawse very good-humoredly cast her eyes over the fine upstrokes and long-tailed flourishes, therefrom to cull the pith of the letter, for her aunt's behoof. She was quite a different person in that house at Patcham from the fierce little creature—half pert, half obsequious—that we have seen confronting the serene majesty of her dear friend Aurelia. Under the Killicks' roof, their niece was helpful, frank-spoken, and not by any means a disagreeable inmate. She had no reason to be either defiant or cringing with those plain honest relatives of her own, and it was not her nature to eat the bread of idleness; so she volunteered a good many small services for both aunt and uncle; and as she sat marking the linen, a child's frock, that she had just finished hemming, lay beside her, and a little way off lay a well-thumbed Latin Grammar, out of which she had been teaching his accidence to little Edward Killick. The master of the house agreed with his wife that Lydia Crawse was a comfortable sort of visitor, brisk, cheerful, and not the less estimable because of her naturally hot temper.

"Sarah is much as usual," said Miss Crawse, skimming the cream from the wordy epistle under her eyes—"not in much pain, but very low-spirited. She has been trying some quack medicine, and fancied, at first, that it would cure her spine, poor thing; but she got rather worse than better, and mother insisted on her leaving off the remedy, whatever it was. I can't read the Greek name. The regular doctor has been called in again, and he orders her jellies and strong soup, and all sorts of nice things, as she has no appetite, poor dear; and no wonder, shut up always in that smoky, dull Bail street." And here Miss Crawse's brow gathered into a frown, and her foot drummed on the floor with the old petulant action, for she was thinking of Aurelia and her promises, as yet, of course, unperformed.

"What does your mother say about herself—about money-matters, I mean?" asked Mrs. Killick, coughing apologetically behind the stocking. "Those boys, your brothers, must be a great anxiety to Susan."

"Yes, they are," returned Miss Crawse, rustling the paper roughly between her short fingers. "She says she has just had a letter from Tom. He's at Malta, poor boy; but they expect to come home to Plymouth or Spithead soon, and then the ship will be paid off, and Tom will be out of the service, perhaps. His best chance, he says, is to get employed in one of the dockyards; but that chance is a poor one, because so many of the youngsters have more influence than he has—parliamentary influence, he means. Willie tells the same story. He expects to be told to wait—wait, while others pass before him. What with the rent, and the taxes, and the doctor, mamma could hardly scrape together enough for Willie's tutor. And suppose he's thrown on her hands!"

Miss Crawse's swarthy cheek was all in a glow by this time, and there was an ominous light in her Mongolian-looking eyes, for she was getting more and more doubtful of her own prudence in trusting to Aurelia's fair words. She sincerely pitied the griefs, and cordially shared the hopes and cares of her own kith and kin; and some connection, perhaps illogical, between Miss Darcy's serene prosperity and the narrow fortunes and pinched existence of those at home, rose up before her, and stung her temper to ebullition; so that when Mrs. Killick, in all sincerity of common-place condolence, expressed her regret for her elder and poorer sister's condition, mentioning, for the twentieth time, how gladly she and her husband would extend a helping-hand, were it within their power to do more than send the usual small dole at Christmas, and suggesting, as a new idea, that Miss Darcy, if solicited, might be able to procure some appointment for Lydia's brothers, that petulant young person could bear no more.

"Help me? Miss Darcy! Yes, she could, if she chose. Her admirer, Lord Lynn, if he really does care about her, could set Tom on his feet in a moment. There's a Wyvil in the Admiralty, I know; and if its all stuff about his paying his addresses to Aurelia, which I half suspect, still one of the county members visits at Mr. Darcy's; and much it would cost her, certainly, to put in a word for Willie or Tom. Nobody gets help but those who help themselves. We shall see by and by." And Miss Crawse flounced out of the room, and came back in an incredibly short space of time arrayed in her bonnet and shawl. She was going to the village shop and post-office, she said, and then for a walk, to clear her brains. She could think best when walking, as she always declared; and she was a great walker, and fond of exercise, and commonly executed most of the errands of the Patcham household. On this occasion, Mrs. Killick wanted nothing but a couple of skeins of darning-cotton and a paper of pins—commissions which her niece undertook with perfect readiness. Equally compliant was Miss Crawse when, as she passed the open door of the surgery, Mr. Killick called out to beg, that if she were going as far as the end of the village street, she would deliver a bottle of lotion to old Mrs. Flynn at the almshouses. "That is, if you are not too proud to be seen carrying physic to my patients, or if the old lady's tongue does not frighten you," said the kindly surgeon. "She gave me a benefit of it this morning; but her rheumatism is real, and that blockhead of a boy will want his dinner before he goes out again with the basket. So, if you don't mind—"

Lydia Crawse did not mind in the least. She took the bottle, hid it under her shawl, and started. A trifling circumstance, but then the great events of life pivot on trifles. Had Mr. Killick's boy, the usual Ganymede of medicines, been immediately available, the subsequent events of this history would, in all probability, never have occurred at all. Miss Crawse took the bottle, and trudged sturdily up the long straggling street, with its garden palings, and cottages, and smithy, and beer-houses showing their rival signs afar off.

To walk, at no demure ladylike pace, but at a brisk rate was a relief to Lydia Crawse; her thoughts came more freely, and the exercise gave her muscles something to occupy them, and took away that irritable desire to smash crockery or maim furniture, which she, like many hot-tempered persons, felt when brooding over her cares in repose. Those cares were not wholly, or for the most part, of a selfish character. Miss Crawse, like a wasp, was faithful to her own race, however she might be disposed to buzz and sting when abroad. She thought much more about her mother's troubles, the butcher's bill only paid in part, the grocer's bill outgrowing the meagre sums handed in on account, the arrears of rent in Bail Street, than of her own prospects. She was full of sympathy for her brothers, who confided all their youthful difficulties to her. She knew of Tom's debts on board and ashore, small liabilities, but not to be cleared off out of his petty salary save by wondrous self-denial. She had scraped together a very few pounds, that Willie might be dressed "like a gentleman" before the examiners; and to this end she had sold at the country town sundry trinkets, old keepsakes that it cost her a pang to part with. No, Miss Crawse was not selfish, in the narrowest sense of the word. She meant her family to have the first share of those good things which she was resolved that Aurelia Darcy, by fair means or foul, should provide.

"For myself," thus ran the ex-companion's half-spoken soliloquy—"for myself, I'd scorn to ask her for anything. I'd rather work my fingers to the bone than touch her money, and I'd take my chance of a situation sooner than demean myself to beg for her good word. Hers, forsooth! But I must put my pride in my pocket, for mother's sake, and Sarah's sake, and the boys. Them she shall assist, and soon too, or I'll know the reason why. I don't know what has happened to change her, but there is a change. She seems to freeze me into silence, somehow, though I could bite my tongue off for being so cowardly as not to speak what I have in my heart. And Miss Crawse walked on, her memory busy in painting pictures of the past.

On her mental retina rose the images of two girls, one short and dark, the other fair and majestic, walking side by side in a glen among the wild scenery of Ulster, with the purple and black masses of the mountains rolling vast and savage to left and right. There was confidence then in the place of watchful reticence; there was no barrier of etiquette between the great heiress and the poor dependent. In that out-of-the-way nook, buried among the mountains, distinctions of rank and wealth were less forcibly marked than in the life of cities, and the advantages of age and experience were on the side of the more humbly born of that pair of friends; and yet, even then, Lydia Crawse had always been half afraid of her junior, had always felt that the cold gray eyes, and the calm young face, and the unruffled composure, were signs of a nature as much harder and more polished than her own, as the diamond is harder and brighter than granite. And now, after nearly three years of separation, she found herself less and less a match for her quondam friend, and dimly recognized the force and tenacity of purpose that lay behind so fair an exterior. To be sure, Miss Crawse had a talisman in her possession, by the aid of which, in case of need, she could exorcise even a stronger spirit than that of Aurelia; but the spell would work mischief to all concerned, without benefiting the enchanter, and it was not dark Lydia's nature to do harm gratis.

Pondering on these matters, she pushed on along the dusty street, till she reached the almshouses, and remembering her errand, knocked at the door of No. 3, and was soon in the presence of Mrs. Flynn, the most inveterate gossip in the parish. Lydia knew Mrs. Flynn well enough, the good woman being a constant patient, albeit a nonpaying one, of Mr. Killick's, and she had more than once listened with a dry sense of humor to the almswoman's flow of words. Mrs. Flinn had nothing to think of but her own aching joints and the demerits of her neighbors, and little scandal could exist in that countryside without finding its way to her greedy ears. On this occasion, however, Mrs. Flinn was suffering very sharp twinges from her old complaint, and her talk was on less general topics than usual.

"Much obliged to you, I'm sure, miss; and very kind it is of you to come out in the heat of the day for a poor old woman like myself, but I'm afraid doctor's stuff won't do me much good. I'm 'most sure of that, and so I told Dr. Killick to his face, this blessed morning. If only old Nanny could be swum now, I might get some ease for my poor aching bones, which they feel as if somebody was sawing 'em in two, with a blunt saw too, to get at the marrow. But the docto[illegible] said it would be agin the law, and if so, more shame to the law, says I."

"Old Nanny swum? What good would that do to anybody? I don't know what you mean," said Miss Crawse, wearily, for her thoughts were

astray, and the woman's bab
stead of diverting her.

"Old Nanny Brown. S
turnpike on the Blanchmi
place, three mile off and m
was very respectable—I d
when he died, they let her
bar. But she's a bad one, is
liked me, nor I her, when
Whitehouse Farm under S
misfortunes came and left m
this place, eating charity-bre
bors then; and she told me
I was to have seven such goo
when the cattle were dying
may believe me or not, mis
week after that spiteful cat
cows took ill, poor Brindle fi
of the seven; and that Oste
off a ladder thatching, for he
work at odd times, and ne
more, but was on club-pay
Sunday, who should look in
and she asked after my rheu
ing way, and I've been ru
ever since; she deserves to
one did deserve it."

It really appeared, on f
Mrs. Flinn sincerely believe
fluence of this reputed witch
and was as eagerly desirou
cerese to the ordeal of wate
val peasant. Lydia Crawse
She had strong common sen
witch keeping a turnpike-ga
She had never been superst
lation of the darker shadow
—for Mrs. Flinn declared, wi
viction, that she was not
parish, by many, to attribu
the supposed tormenter—an

"I never went up the Bla
cept in a close carriage,"
from the Windsor chair on
sitting; "so I'll take my wa
peep at this wicked enchant

There was real concern i
as she protested against an
ing with the ministers of Da
enough, she declared, to m
eye by chance; but to seek
of "wishing" harm to the
unscrupulously exerted, was
Brown was a foreigner, no
person, but a native of s
England; her sons had turn
them had been transported,
but just come out of prison,
caped a severer sentence
death of a gamekeeper. If
said were true, in short, Ni
stealer, poacher, rick-bur
coiner, was by no means
that nervous persons might
solitary spot. But Miss Cr
said that she was not wor
foot-pads, like ghosts, feare
she kept to her purpose
Blanchminster Road.

The way from the manuf
Sarcenets to the cathedral c
is rather a lonely one; and
its climax about two miles b
of Patcham, where the
comes close down to the sh
cadamized highway, and
creep lazy and dark through
wickshire is a county remark
timber, but here the gaunt el
willows, and moss-grown
grown into unusually rank
tation, and the yellow and
dank over the road. Ther
to be seen. Miss Crawse w
tant as she was, by the dre

The day was one of thos
days, when all nature seem
vapour-bath, and when th
hung all day above the ill-d
round the skirts of the woo
breeze to dissipate them.
Crawse was, she found th
sphere and clinging dust len
as she went on, and when
milestone, and saw the wh
the rise of a little hill, she
taken an unnecessary amo
trivial object.

Old Nanny's cottage turn
storied edifice, built of the
plentifully in the country,
combed by rain and frost.
ing one, with wooden gab
The window of the little fr
half-parlor—displayed a c
one full of conglomerated b
red and white saccharine
bert rock, some tapes, nee
and highly-colored portrait
and Marshal Blucher. Ov
dows grew a neglected woo
with sweet, sickly perfum
tendrils dangled a card
ings."

But it was not on the car
eyes, as she came softly up
straggling quickset hedge, w
riveted on a face—a sallow,
hair hanging neglected ab
fierce cavernous eyes glacing
—that Miss Crawse saw thr
ment of one of the little up
Brown's cottage. Miss Craw
but it was fairly cowed now
and drew down her veil by
ment. Sick and giddy, sh
half-door of the petty sho
and dropped into a chair.
woman, witch or not, on the
ment; it was a buxom, bla
teen, Nanny's grand-daugh
of Nanny's eldest born, ser
Bermuda, who came hurryi
tesy, and express her fears

"It's nothing," said Mis
—"nothing. Only the heat
too far. I should like a gla
you be so good as to get m

CHAPTER

A LETTER FROM

The post came late to
many country-houses. On
day on which Miss Crawse
the turnpike, it was later th
train was behind time, or th
dawdled among the ale-ho
tween the town of Stainsb
house. Mr. Darcy, as he s
[illegible]ded testily at the tard
grum[illegible]n. His daughter wa
post[illegible], a rule not to neglect
mad[illegible]

ble annoyed her in-

e that lives at the ster Road, a lone are. Her goodman on't deny that—so, go on keeping the Nanny. She never my master had the Squire West, before e a lone creature in ad. We were neigh- what a lucky woman od cows in milk, just all about us. You s, but the very next was in my yard, the rst, and six died out ber my master fell did a bit of thatch- ver did much work till he died. Last here but old Nanny, matics in her sneer- cked to pieces nigh e swum, if ever any

rther inquiry, that d in the malign in- over her ailments, to subject the sor- as ever was medic- chuckled inwardly. se, and the idea of a e tickled her fancy. tious; and this reve- s on the rustic mind ith an accent of con- ho only one in the to occult powers to used her.

nchminster Road ex- said she, getting up which she had been lk there, and have a ress."

Mrs. Flinn's voice, y such rash tamper- rkness. It was bad ect old Nanny's evil out one whose power human race was so folly indeed: Nanny Warwickshire-born me distant part of ed out ill, and one of while the other had , having narrowly es- for his share in the half what Mrs. Flinn holas Brown, sheep- er, and suspected the sort of Corydon desire to meet in a wse laughed, as she h robbing, and that l the daylight; and of walking up the

acturing town of St. ity of Blanchminster its loneliness reaches eyond the guide-post rush-grown lea-land arp flints of the ma- where oozy streams the peaty soil. War- able for its hedge-row ms, the many-limbed shes, seem to have and straggling vege- russet leaves hang e is scarcely a house as impressed, reluc- ary solitude.

hot, moist autumn s to be steeped in a lazy mist-wreaths rained meadows, and d, for lack of a fresh Good walker as Miss e oppressive atmos- gthen out the miles she passed the third ite turnpike-gate on felt as if she had unt of trouble for a

ed out to be a two- freestone found so and already honey- The roof was a slop- les and mossy tiles. ont room—half-shop, ouple of pickle-jars, randy-balls, one of a substance called Al- dles, balls of string, s of the Red Rover er the upper win- dbine, filling the air e; and among the proclaiming "Lodg-

d that Miss Crawse's under shadow of the were fixed; they were wan face, with black out the temples, and g forth upon vacancy ough the open case- per rooms of Nanny rse had a bold heart, She bent herh ead an instinctive move- he opened the little p, tottered forward, There was no old premises at that mo- ck-eyed lass of Sur- ter, only living child ring out his term at ng forward to cour- that the Lady was ill. Crawse with a gasp ; and I have walked ss of water. Would a glass of water?"

VI.

IRELAND.

Beechborough, as to the morning of that had walked out to an usual; either the e foot-messenger had ouses and farms be- ury and Mr. Darcy's t in the Oak Room, liness of the walking- s with him. Aurelia her father. In charac- ter and tastes they were very wide apart; but she knew that he was fond of her, and she knew, too, that her judgment was secretly valued by him above the gold of Ophir. Mr. Darcy was not a complimentary parent—he would have died sooner than have told his child in so many words how highly he rated her abilities and force of will; but, when he could get from Aurelia an unsolicited opinion about Timmins the land-steward, or Delves the head-gardener, or those unsatisfactory legal advisers, Burjoyce and Gay, he felt as if a load of responsibility were lifted off him.

And Aurelia had been very kind. Whether the prospect of shortly leaving her father made her more gentle and thoughtful than usual towards the old man, who might soon feel lonelier than ever, when his daughter was married and gone from under his roof-tree, it is hard to say; but she had been very patient, ready, and serviceable, divining what the vain, weak man was ashamed to confess, and unravelling the tangled skein of more than one affair that lawyer, steward and employer had combined to complicate into a Gordian-knot. Mr. Darcy was pleased and proud of his daughter; but he would have been ashamed of owning either sentiment.

"Yes, yes, my love; women cannot quite understand these matters. I must talk it over with Timmins. Yes; and I'll write to Burjoyce by this day's post, and I mean to tell him that I choose to have the opinion of some eminent conveyancer on that point about the great tithes," said the master of Beechborough. "What can Jenkins be doing that he is so late with the letter-bag?"

In it came at last. There were plenty of newspapers and no lack of business-letters for the Squire, two smaller ones for Aurelia—one of these bore the Irish postmark, and was directed in a queer shaking hand, with a blob of wax for a seal. This letter Aurelia made haste to conceal, opening the other with ostentatious eagerness, and insisting on reading out to her father what that "dear, madcap thing, Georgie Paget," had to say about the croquet-parties and curates of Leatherhead. The ruse was a simple one, and would doubtless have failed of its effects upon a hackneyed man of the world, always watchful of femine wiles, but it answered well enough with unsuspicious Mr. Darcy; and when, after a decent delay, Aurelia left him to his correspondence, he was quiescent and undoubting as ever. In the Blue Room she opened the letter. Another woman might have torn it open, eager and quivering with impatience, but not she. She drew it forth from the envelope as leisurely as if it had been a milliner's bill, or a dear friend's written raptures about her bridegroom's whiskers, her new home, or the like, and spread it out and read it at a glance.

"Escaped!" That was all she said. "Escaped!"—and as she said it she pressed her hand to her forehead, and was silent for a long time, thinking earnestly, with her eyes bent on the ground. Half an hour, three-quarters of an hour, may have passed by without her stirring. At last she raised her proud head, and walked to the window with a strange smile on her lips.

"What was that message of the French King to false John, Richard Coeur de Lion's brother?" she murmured, in a whisper like the hiss of an angry serpent. "Take heed to yourself, for the devil is unchained!"

Was not that how the words ran? Strange, how the world goes round, and sin and sorrow repeat themselves!"

There was nothing but sorrow in her face as she gazed out idly on the park, with its falling leaves and fern embrowned to autumn hues, and deer that were beginning to munch hay beneath the pailings, instead of cropping grass upon the uplands. Nothing but sorrow, yet no such sorrow as we associate with girlhood. It was the darkling melancholy of a strong nature at war with the world and the world's law; and in her stubborn self-will and gloomy impenitence might be traced some resemblance to the lost archangel. But the mood changed, or was dismissed as unseasonable. Women like Aurelia Darcy are not mastered by their thoughts and feelings. They rise superior to the impulses that enslave the weak. Aurelia did so, and went through her usual routine—the music, the stroll in the garden, the novel reading, the chat with her father, the few words spoken to her maid, exactly as usual. No one could have guessed the weight of the sullen secret that she carried about with her, smiling.

Late in the afternoon Miss Crawse was announced. Mr. Darcy was out, busy with the inspection of a new chaff-cutter from London, and Aurelia received her visitor in the pink drawing-room, in the midst of all the carved alabaster, and pretty cameos, and Dresden china, and malachite tables, that poor dead Lady Maud had collected. Miss Crawse was flushed and breathless, eager to speak; but there was something in Aurelia's face that checked her warmth—some revelation in the classic hardness of the beautiful mouth, firmer than ever now, if the inscrutable gray eyes told nothing.

"Miss Darcy, I came to tell you bad news. I see you know it. In your place, I should not take it so coolly," said Miss Crawse.

"You, too, have heard from Ireland, then?" said Aurelia, in her softest tones, and her smile beamed forth like summer warmth, and her manner was as devoid of fear as it was of excitement. Miss Crawse's answer was prompt.

"Ireland? Certainly not. But he is near us—near you; and I should not be over comfortable in your place, I can tell you. What's to be done, I don't know; but we are both in the same boat, you and I, and must sink or swim together."

Aurelia uttered no sound, but she bent her head assentingly, and her firm red lips silently seemed to repeat the words her friend had used—"sink or swim together."

Then Miss Crawse, with rapid earnestness, told all—her visit to Miss Flinn, her walk to the turnpike on the Blanchminster road, and of the face she had seen, unobserved herself, through the open lattice. Any observer who had watched those two women would have deemed that the narrator of the tale was the one principally concerned—the one whom danger menaced. For Miss Crawse's eyes were bloodshot and her breath came gaspingly, and her dusky countenance was of all colors—orange and sallow white, and unhealthy crimson. But Aurelia's cold beauty was unchanged; and the only sign of excitement which she manifested was that her small, white, shapely hand—a hand that matched her face in its combination of delicacy with strength—opened and shut as she listened, and with the force and action of one who squeezes out a hated life by sheer force of pressure. She listened, and never once interrupted her friend by comment or question till Miss Crawse stopped, panting.

"Now, dear, I cannot ask you to help me, as you once did," said Aurelia, in her low musical tones; "indeed, how much better that you should be able to say, truthfully, that you knew nothing about my affairs. Still, you can throw some light on the matter. This old woman, this Nanny Brown, bears, you say, an indifferent character?"

"Only as a witch," said Miss Crawse, bluntly. "Her son—Nicholas was his name—has just come out of jail, and her other children were transported; but that's all I know against her."

"Nicholas Brown!" said Aurelia, after a long, thoughtful pause. "Yes, he was one of the men who were tried for the death of Sir Jogeph's keeper; I remember now. Only give me time to think. A little time, and the obstacle shall be removed. There is no cause, Lydia, for real uneasiness to you or me."

Miss Crawse looked up at the ominous firmness of Aurelia's clear-cut lips, and her own face was livid, and her own voice trembled, as she hoarsely whispered: "Not murder? No, no—not that; Aurelia Darcy, say *that* is not in your thoughts!"

Aurelia actually laughed. Her cool, strong hand rested heavily on the wrist of her former friend. She could feel the pulse beating quick and hard.

"You silly Lydia!" said Miss Darcy, patting Miss Crawse's gloved hand with her firm fingers; "what romantic ideas you have. Murder would be worse than a crime; it would be a folly."

CHAPTER VII.

MISS DARCY GETS UP EARLY.

The youngest of the under-housemaids at Beechborough, creeping reluctantly down in the cold morning light to unfasten shutters, open windows, and sweep carpets, before her seniors should appear with Turk's head brushes to put the last artistic touches to the work, gaped and stared in stupid astonishment as Aurelia Darcy, in a gray cloak and linen gown, came swiftly down the great staircase and left the house by the garden door. The under gardeners, just pulling of their jackets before commencing their task of rolling gravel, mowing grass and clearing away dead leaves, made their awkward salutation of hat-touching, and gazed after Miss Darcy as her tall form vanished into distance. And the assistant game-keeper, who had risen before the sun to make a short professional tour of certain runs and gaps, where it was shrewdly surmised that wires were set, rubbed his eyes as he watched his master's daughter take the path across the meadows that skirted the park.

For Aurelia was not an early riser in general; she was not one of those whom flowers, sweet-scented in their morning freshness, and the song of birds and the hum of bees, and the indescribable renewal of the world's youth and brilliance, can lure forth from their beds. And on this hazy autumnal morning there was only the promise, not the accomplished fact, of a fine day. The pearls of dew lay thick and heavy on the grass, and the black earth of the paths was moist and slippery, while the hedges were dank and wet. The mist floated breast-high over the meadows, like a silvery fleece, and clung to the red-brown skirts of the tawny wood, and rolled like smoke-wreaths over the upland slopes, and hung like a curtain of pale orange and gray between the struggling sun and the awakening earth. Aurelia was not given to early rising, not fond of walking; but now she was so early that ever and anon she met some laborer trudging to his work, and now she crossed the fields with a steady speed that Miss Crawse, stout little pedestrian as she was, would have found it hard to equal.

From Beechborough Hall to Crowther turnpike, by the road, even supposing that way to be curtailed by a short-cut through the green lanes, the distance is over four miles; but across the country the distance is not above three miles, and Aurelia knew the way well, as she always knew a track that she had once traversed. Bound on the errand, the purport of which was linked with her secret, Aurelia had no choice but to go on foot and alone. To order out a carriage, to bid the grooms saddle her horse, would have been fatal to her purpose, for if she rode or drove she could not go unattended. And there are cases in which servants are spies. This was one of them. So Aurelia Darcy pressed on to her goal, as heedless of the song of the lark, trilling out music overhead, as of the heavy dew that wetted her feet as the path failed, and merely a faint track remained to guide her across the grass-fields from stile to stile.

Aurelia neither heard nor saw any sight or sound, the perception of which was unnecessary for the object she had in view. But her thoughts were busy; and not the less so because in her powerful mind they were marshalled in logical sequence, and did not crowd tumultuously forward, clamoring for an audience, as is the case with many of us. To this woman, cradled in luxury, ever prosperous, and not yet twenty-one, but whose will was as strong as if it had been tempered in the black waters of adversity, life was a game. A game partly of chance, partly of skill. The best player, to whom bad cards had been dealt by fortune, might lose the game, that Aurelia's philosophy admitted; but scarcely any advantages could profit a bungler, of that she was quite sure. And her belief was that she had herself, with such cards as had fallen to her lot, played her game well and skillfully—of late years, at least. For she, too, had been impulsive once, and had made a mistake. A great, grievous mistake. An error of judgment that it would require the keenest skill, and courage, and firmness, to repair. But that might be done. With moderate good luck, it *must* be done, so Aurelia thought.

Miss Darcy would have been angry, and would have believed that it was her right to be angry, with any one who should have set her down as a heathen. She went to church. She treated religious matters and religious persons with respect. She said her prayers with exemplary regularity, in public and in private, and if she did little to make the world better or holier, at least no act or word of hers, to all appearance, tended to make it worse. But she was a practical pagan. She really did believe that the race was to the swift and the battle to the strong, unless some untoward accident or some fatal fault should intervene. But, given certain worldly gifts, given also a moderate share of good fortune, and Aurelia felt nearly as certain that success must follow as a mathematician of the result of his carefully-reasoned problem. Yes, the world, with its rich prizes, was for the wise and the adroit; and if the plotter saw the ruin of his hopes, why it was only that the qualities were lacking, or that chance was adverse. Yes, Chance. As for the idea that a Divine Power really did shape and mould our rough-hewn acts, adapting the crude products of our blindness and our selfishness to the great harmonious whole, Aurelia drove that idea from her;

and, like all clever schemers, she erred in so doing.

There was a little boy beginning betimes to earn his fourpence by scaring crows, in a field near Crowther turnpike. This little fellow, bribed by a sixpence, clattered joyfully off to do Aurelia's bidding, and called Mrs. Brown of the turnpike, whom he knew well, to speak with a lady. Mrs. Brown came. A little white-haired woman, with bright eyes and a quaint face, seamed by a thousand wrinkles. A very nice-looking, tidy old person, and as such sure to earn the approval of church-warden, Board, and clergyman. Respectablity peeped forth from her well-starched widow's cap, her clean collar, her dark gown of some dead woolen stuff, and her snow-white apron. Many of those who keep turnpikes are repulsive-looking persons, ill-dressed and not conciliatory of manner—Mrs. Brown was smooth of speech and neat of raiment. She said "Thank you" civilly enough for every carter's fourpence, and never kept travellers waiting even in the worst of weather. Her accounts were well kept. The trustees of the Blanchminster turnpike-trust had no better servant. If the gossips of Patcham chose to set down old Nanny for a witch, at least she was in the good graces of squire and parson.

She came quickly. The little crow-boy had made his report, and, besides, a glance showed her that Aurelia was a lady. She came courtesying up to where Mr. Darcy's heiress stood beside the stile, smoothing out her apron as she drew near, and smiling obsequiously as she asked what the young lady might be pleased to want. Nanny Brown had had many a visit from persons of Aurelia's standing in the world. Some of these were silly girls, who wanted cosmetics to beautify their complexions, and who had been attracted by Mrs. Brown's talent for compounding washes and unguents. Some, sillier still, wanted their fortunes told, on the strength of Nanny's evil fame; but the turnpike-keeper was too shrewd to forfeit her patrons' good-will for a pitiful half-crown, and the seekers after forbidden lore were sent empty away. Others came not to ask, but to give—to give tracts, kind words, counsel, and religious instruction; and Mrs. Brown thankfully took their little pamphlets and their advice, and the little presents that accompanied them. Probably at first she considered that Miss Darcy had come on one of the errands above mentioned.

"Look at me," said Aurelia, in her rich ringing voice. Humble Mrs. Brown looked up; she had not ventured to take that liberty as yet, and as she looked, it was strange to see how the artificial smile faded and died out from Mrs. Brown's face. Her twinkling eyes, undimmed by age, had met the steady gray eyes of Aurelia, and she felt herself in presence of a powerful nature. Only a word or two had been spoken, but Mrs. Brown knew that the lady in the linen gown and gray cloak had not come to offer tracts, or to buy cosmetics, or to sue for a peep into futurity. Mrs. Brown, thus invited, stared long and earnestly at her visitor, and the lines of her own hard vulpine mouth and high cheek-bones came out harder and sharper as the false smile died away.

"I am Miss Darcy of Beechborough. I have heard of you. I believe that you can do me a service. Will you walk with me a little way up the path here?" said Aurelia; and Mrs. Brown silently complied, walking mincingly beside the tall figure of the stranger, and stealing many a wary glance upward at the fair audacious face, that seemed no more to shrink from scrutiny than does the face of a statue. The very frankness of Aurelia's mention of her name was puzzling to Mrs. Brown. She had had customers before who came from market-towns miles off, and who did their best to enwrap themselves and their shallow secrets in mystery. The freckled purchasers of her washes were not fond of telling their names. The young ladies who desired, per proxy, to read the stars, were very ambiguous on the earthly subject of their addresses. But Aurelia, daughter and only child of the rich Mr. Darcy, and an earl's grandchild—old Nancy knew that too—was perfectly outspoken. Whatever she wanted—and Nanny suspected that the possessor of those gray fearless eyes, and that broad forehead and firm mouth, was not likely to have taken so much trouble without a motive—whatever she wanted, she made no attempt at disguise.

On her side, Aurelia knew what she was about. Her frankness about her name and abode, like all that she did, was calculated. She was well aware that she must be recognized, on slight inquiry, within miles of her father's house. And she read Mrs. Brown like a book, and a very easy book too. Here was a hard, hypocritical, malignant nature, miserly very likely, as the thin bloodless lips hinted, but certainly one that hankered after gains that could be earned without the sacrifice of a fair outward show. With such a nature, Aurelia could deal as easily as a chemist with the acids and alkalies that he has been manipulating through years of toil.

The conversation was long, but the parts were very unequal. Aurelia's rich low voice rolled on like a river, sweeping away opposition, not by violence, but by a steady energy that brooked no hindrance. It was evident, by the varied inflexions of tone, that Miss Darcy was suggesting difficulties, but only to crush and quell them; that she was putting the matter in question under different lights, but only to show more markedly the accuracy of her own fixed idea. The shriller voice of Mrs. Brown broke in at times, sometimes in questioning accents, more often in fawning assent.

"A hundred pounds. Ten to-day; the rest within six weeks," said Aurelia, drawing several gold pieces from her purse, and letting them jingle as she poured them in a yellow stream into the gloved palm of her left hand, but careful not to look aside at the covetous glitter that she well knew must be in Mrs. Brown's green eyes. "A hundred pounds, not to be earned, remember, by doing anything wrong or sinful, but by a good action—a good action."

"I should like to serve you, Miss," said the old woman, and her thin voice quivered with eagerness, and the sinews in her meagre throat stood out like knotted cordage as she spoke.

"Then fetch your son. I should like to explain it to him, as we shall want his help," said Aurelia, with no triumph and no embarrassment in her tone.

Mrs. Brown hesitated. Her son, she said, her poor misled Nicholas, had friends who led him into follies, and who, on the preceding night, had led him into the folly of beastly drunkenness, or, as old Nanny euphuistically phrased it, of having "a drop." He was still sleeping off that drop, and might be out of temper if disturbed.

"You know, perhaps, Miss," said his mother doubtfully, "mayhaps you know that prisons, and bad company, and trouble, have made my son Nicholas rather rough-spoken and short in his manners. Perhaps you might be frightened."

"Do I look as if I could be frightened?" said Aurelia quietly; "Call him, for I must go home, and I shall only have time to say a word or two."

Mrs. Brown went, but either she was very cautious in her choice of a mode of arousing the interesting sleeper, or she preferred to explain how matters stood before bringing him to the stile leading into the stubble-field where Aurelia waited, for Miss Darcy looked twice at her watch before old Nanny reappeared, with a shambling, evil-countenanced fellow, of middle age, with cropped hair, and a bloated, ugly face—the face of a sly ruffian, who has escaped the gallows too narrowly to feel his bull neck as yet quite safe from the hangman's clammy touch.

He shuffled up the path, leering impudently, but was abashed, in spite of himself, by Miss Darcy's dignified carriage and utter dauntlessness of bearing; the grimy forefinger went up to the brim of the battered hat, and the bloodshot eyes looked down in unwilling deference. Him, too, Aurelia read like a book. Perhaps, nay probably, the daughter of George Darcy and Lady Maud Darcy had never spoken to a felon, nor looked into a felon's wicked eyes before, but she was not in the least at a loss. Old Nanny could not help admiring in her sleeve the tact with which Aurelia talked over this savage, not always to be managed even by his clever old mother, who had more wit in one of her skinny fingers than Nicholas in his ungainly body.

"For the matter o' that, ma'am, I'd have a poor opinion of myself if I was to be afeard of a slim London-looking whipper-snapper, like our lodger. But I can get two or three old mates, true-blue kivies, that I can trust to, to bear a hand. We'll"——

"You will do what has to be done very well and thoroughly, I am sure;" it was thus that Aurelia interrupted her agent; "and at the same time you will be too sensible to do more; violence is quite unnecessary, and no force need be used beyond that necessary for purposes of restraint. You understand?"

The graduate of Warwick jail nodded assent. "We'll do it, mum, as we had ought;" said he, thoughtfully plucking bits of hawthorn from the hedge, and crushing them to pulp between his tobacco-blackened front teeth, while he kept his eyes on the ground; "Jem, and the weaver, and I, can manage to do the trick, and never let out a word about it, over our drink or what not! We're old pals, and sham't split on one another for all the chaplains and beaks in England. But there's one thing. Mother says the chap's got firearms."

"Firearms!" repeated Aurelia, almost thrown off her guard, for she was really no braver where physical danger was concerned than the average of her sex. What gave her the semblance of courage was her mental daring, and the polished adamantine strength of an intellect that cast aside imaginary terrors. But of death, of an early, and especially a violent death, she entertained as true a dread and as profound a loathing as ever did any of the children of this world. The mention of deadly weapons, near at hand, and in the possession of one who had little cause, as she well knew, to deal mercifully with her, caused the chill that crept, like the coils of a frozen snake, around her heart. But such was her self-command, that to her very exclamation of alarm she contrived to give a tone of scornful incredulity, and to follow it by a laugh of what seemed genuine contempt.

Mrs. Brown, narrowly eyeing her fair young client, did not see so much as the twitching of a muscle or the slightest change of color; and the sheep-stealer looked up, with something of boorish admiration in his dull eyes.

"I likes pluck in my pals—no offence, mum. 'Tis a pleasure to work for such a lady as you, and I'd do the job if he'd got fifty pistols." And the fellow added an oath, meant to reassure his employer as to his determination, the ugly sound of which almost betrayed Aurelia into a shudder of dismay.

She had narrowly avoided showing some sign of disgust and anger when the blood-stained jail-bird before her spoke of her as an accomplice. Was it indeed come to this? She the accomplice of such as these! No, they were her tools, and when done with could be laid aside.

Few more words were spoken, but she counted out the ten clinking golden coins into the wrinkled palm of old Nanny, and she agreed with the old woman upon a token by which the tidings of success should be forwarded to her.

"Remember, I dropped this handkerchief in a visit to your cottage," she said, handing the delicate scrap of embroidered cambric to the turnpike keeper. "You send it me back, when all is comfortably managed; but mention no place and no name in your message, except mine."

When Aurelia reached her home, it was still early, and the Squire was not down yet, as her maid informed her. The horror of Jennings at the wet boots and draggled skirt—the boots were soaked by the dew as if they had been lying in a river, and the soft leather was torn away piecemeal in the effort to take them off—was only equalled by her curiosity as to the cause of her young lady's matutinal expedition. But her curiosity was baffled. Aurelia was not the girl to make her waiting-woman the repository of her secrets, and thus to reverse their relative positions. She merely said, with imperturbable good humor, that she did not think early hours and morning walks worth the trouble they occasioned, and that she should scarcely try the experiment again. Presently she was seated at the breakfast-table, neat and calm in attire and deportment, pouring out her father's tea as demurely as if Nanny Brown and grim Nicholas had been but denizens of a dream-world.

It was not until the following morning that a servant brought in, on a salver, a little embroidered handkerchief worked with Aurelia's cipher.

"A boy brought this, Miss, if you please. Said you left it behind by mistake, Miss, in his grandmother's cottage, yesterday."

Aurelia picked up the handkerchief and looked at the letters in the corner of it.

"To be sure," she said; I thought I had dropped it, walking. Give the boy something for his trouble, Jenkins."

And the butler withdrew, unsuspecting, while his young mistress composedly finished directing the letter she had just sealed, and which was addressed to Cornelius Kelly, Esq., M. D., Nine Stone Bridge, Ogletown, Ireland.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A colored graduate was one of the recent recipients of degrees at the New England Female Medical College in Boston—doubtless the first instance of a graduated female *physician* of the African race.

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* Lectures on the R
1851, 2d Series, 117.

† Dr. Kirwan, late
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Essays, 4th ed., 473.

INVENTIONS

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STRIAL BIOGRAPHY.

nt period new inventions serious rioting and ma- Kay of the fly-shuttle, ing-jenny, and Arkwright all had to fly from Lan- with their lives. Indeed, ealous were the people, of everything calculated or, that when the Sankey ear Warrington, was au- lle of last century, it was on that the boats plying by men only.* Even in- ls and machines have had o encounter; and in our ural laborers have gone eaking drill-ploughs, win- l other machines, down rills—not perceiving that ved successful, and tools nally destroyed, the human re been reduced to their civilization summarily

al that the ordinary class ard with prejudice, if not duction of machines cal- at a disadvantage, and to ual employments; for to r-seeing men the loss of alling prospect. But in- d still on that account. ork. Old tools are im- invented, superseding ex- duction, though the weak asionally be pushed aside, r foot. The consolation at while the few suffer, vastly benefitted by the production which are sug- erfected by the experience ns.

e inheritor of the industry imes, and the civilization sum of the useful effects past centuries. *Nihil per* often painful steps Na- n mastered. Not an effort as had its influence. For together lost; some rem- rviving for the benefit of ndividual. Even attempts e not really been so, but way to advance man to or discipline. "The loss says Professor Thomson, in the history of man's es of inanimate nature." ves a firmer foothold for an may die, but the race es the work—to use the ng on stepping-stones of selves.

indeed, holds that it is t is your true inventor. enerations," he says, "and an only act efficiently by rs, it has been ordained shall only interpret the oblem he sets himself to y great idea shall be the the same time that it is the And rarely does it happen invention of importance is ne. The threads of inquiry ed, one laborer succeeding it a little further, often sult. This goes on some- until at length some man, n his fellows, seeking to s time, gathers the various sures up the gain of past es, and uses them as the achievement. Thus New- w of gravitation, and thus the steam-engine. So also which Robert Stephenson en the invention of any one of mechanical engineers." observed, in the preamble eatent: "Among the num- ed there are comparatively lled original, so that it is the boundary of one ends, other begins."

reared but slowly; and it on of Lord Bacon, that we ose builders by which they l reflect the whole merit on er. Thus, what is hailed as is often found to be but the ession of trials and experi- lowing each other, which considered as a continuous s of the human mind, than y single individual. It has turies of experience to as- a single fact in its various himself, experience is feeble oseless in its infancy, but d strength with age. Expe- ot limited to a lifetime, but th and power of our race. h of successive generations cing and accumulating, ex- time the weakness and the and the greatness, of our And not only do we who actual results of our prede- heir works of learning and ions and discoveries, their their roads, bridges, canals, to the inborn aptitudes of h they bequeath to us—to o to speak, which has been abors of many generations, richest natural heritage.

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President of the Royal Irish avelled much on the continent ate, when speaking of the diffi- improvements in the arts and the prejudices entertained for n Normandy the farmers had ed to the use of ploughs whose rely of *wood*, that they could make trial of those with *iron*; them to be an idle and useless g established practices of their hey carried these prejudices so ernment to issue an edict on n to the last they were so ob- ment to ploughshares wood position was made t he en- , which for a short tim breat- e province.—*Parker, Chemical*

brain, passes thence into others, and at last comes forth complete, after a parturition, it may be, of centuries. One starts the idea, another develops it, and so on, progressively, until at last it is elaborated and worked out in practice; but the first, not less than the last, is entitled to his share in the merit of the invention, were it only possible to measure and apportion it duly. Sometimes a great original mind strikes upon some new vein of hidden power, and gives a powerful impulse to the inventive faculties of man, which lasts through generations. More frequently, however, inventions are not entirely new, but modifications of contrivances previously known, though to a few, and not yet brought into practical use. Glancing back over the history of mechanism, we occasionally see an invention seemingly full-born, when suddenly it drops out of sight, and we hear no more of it for centuries. It is taken up *de novo* by some inventor, stimulated by the needs of his time, and falling again upon the track, he recovers the old foot-marks, follows them up, and completes the work.

There is also such a thing as inventions being born before their time—the advanced mind of one generation projecting that which cannot be executed for want of the requisite means; but in due process of time, when mechanism has got abreast of the original idea, it is at length carried out; and thus it is that modern inventors are enabled to effect many objects which their predecessors had tried in vain to accomplish. As Louis Napoleon has said, "Inventions born before their time must remain useless until the level of common intellects rises to comprehend them." For this reason, misfortune is often the lot of the inventor before his time, though glory and profit may belong to his successors. Hence the gift of inventing not unfrequently involves a yoke of sorrow. Many of the greatest inventors have lived neglected, and died unrequited before their merits could be recognized and estimated. Even if they succeed, they often raise up hosts of enemies in the persons whose methods they propose to supersede. Envy, malice and detraction meet them in all their forms; they are assailed by combinations of rich and unscrupulous persons to wrest from them the profits of their ingenuity; and, last and worst of all, the successful inventor often finds his claims to originality decried, and himself branded as a copyist and a pirate.

Among the inventions born out of time, and before the world could make adequate use of them, we can only find space to allude to a few, though they are so many that one is almost disposed to accept the words of Chaucer as true, that "There is nothing new but what has once been old;" or, as another writer puts it, "There is nothing new but what has before been known and forgotten;" or, in the words of Solomon, "The thing that hath been is that which shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun." One of the most important of these is the use of Steam, which was well known to the ancients; but though it was used to grind drugs, to turn a spit, and to excite the wonder and fear of the credulous, a long time elapsed before it became employed as a useful motive power. The inquiries and experiments on the subject extended through many ages. Friar Bacon, who flourished in the thirteenth century, seems fully to have anticipated, in the following remarkable passage, nearly all that steam could accomplish, as well as the hydraulic-engine and the diving-bell, though the flying-machine yet remains to be invented:—

"I will now," says the Friar, "mention some of the wonderful works of art and nature in which there is nothing of magic, and which magic could not perform. Instruments may be made by which the largest ships, with only one man guiding them, will be carried with greater velocity than if they were full of sailors. Chariots may be constructed that will move with incredible rapidity without the help of animals. Instruments of flying may be formed, in which a man, sitting at his ease and meditating on any subject, may beat the air with his artificial wings, after the manner of birds. A small instrument may be made to raise or depress the greatest weights. An instrument may be fabricated by which one man may draw a thousand men to him by force and against their will; as also machines which will enable men to walk at the bottom of seas or rivers without danger."

It is possible that Friar Bacon derived his knowledge of the powers which he thus described from the traditions handed down of former inventions which had been neglected and allowed to fall into oblivion; for before the invention of printing, which enabled the results of investigation and experience to be treasured up in books, there was great risk of the inventions of one age being lost to the succeeding generations. Yet D'Israeli the elder is of opinion that the Romans had invented printing without being aware of it; or perhaps the senate dreaded the inconveniences attending its use, and did not care to deprive a large body of scribes of their employment. They even used stereotypes, or immovable printing types, to stamp impressions on their pottery, specimens of which still exist. In China the art of printing is of great antiquity. Lithography was well known in Germany, by the very name which it still bears, nearly three hundred years before Senefelder re-invented it; and specimens of the ancient art are yet to be seen in the Royal Museum at Munich.*

* Edouard Fournier, Vieux-Neuf, I., 359.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW THE REBEL WOMEN DRESS.—Rev. R. L. Dabney, Professor at the Theological Seminary at Hampden Sidney, Va., writes to a friend in New York, sending specimens of ladies wear manufactured by his wife and her neighbors. He says:

"They will interest the ladies of your family. They will see that our women—the most obstinate of all rebels—do not intend to be subjected by having 'nothing to wear.' They are now generally clad in these fabrics at home, in church, and covered by home-made bonnets of braided straw, trimmed with flowers made and colored at home, and with bands and rosettes made of corn shucks. Let not the New York ladies, with the luxurious Paris finery, sneer; they have no idea how nice the corn shuck rosettes are dyed with native dyes, any color, embroidered with silk ravelled from old scarfs or stockings, and as glossy as Lyons satin. They may be assured that in these home manufactures our confederate belles look fine enough to win the hearts of our gallant men."

☞ Never on any account use common writing ink in a drawing pen, for the acid in such ink will quickly destroy the nibs. The only black ink that should be used in drawing-pens is India ink.

Boiler Explosions.

The following sensible and practical remarks we take from the London Mechanics' Magazine, in an article on "Locomotive Boiler Explosions:"

"The time has almost gone by when an explosion was regarded as the result of mysterious agency. It is pretty well known now that but two causes can lead to the bursting of a steam generator under the conditions of legitimate working. These are simply congenial weakness, due to bad materials or an imperfect method of construction, or induced weakness, the result of overheated plates, or corrosion. More than 80 per cent. of the explosions which occur yearly are the result of this last cause. If we take a hypothetical case of three boilers, of precisely the same form and construction, worked under precisely the same conditions, and exposed to like sources of deterioration, but carrying different pressures; the time when each will explode may be as certainly reckoned on as the moment when a watch wound up to-night will be completely run down. Suppose that one carry 100 lbs., another 75 lbs., and the last 150 lbs. of steam; the first may last five years, the second seven, and the last nine or ten years, simply because the process of destruction may have so far weakened all the boilers that, in five years, they are incapable of carrying 100 lbs. of steam, but yet retain strength enough to carry 75 lbs. Therefore, only that one carrying 100 lbs. will be destroyed then; the others must wait until corrosion has done a little more, but they will go in turn. The end of all flesh is death, and the end of all boilers is explosion. An old writer quaintly remarks that, 'If a man lives long enough he will certainly die.' In the same way, if a boiler is worked long enough it will explode, in spite of all the safety appliances which ever were or ever will be invented. At best these can only provide for the occurrence of certain phenomena which, without this provision, would cause an explosion; but they certainly cannot provide for the occurrence of *all* the phenomena which produce explosions. Until a safety-valve or a fusible plug is invented which shall stop a leak or put on a patch, or arrest the progress of corrosion, neither one nor the other can prove its title to be esteemed as an infallible specific. The only certain preventive is careful, properly organized and thorough inspection; and the reports of our steam boiler societies prove its efficacy daily.

"Experience goes to prove that fully as many explosions occur while the engine is in motion, or while the boiler is under steam and the engine at rest, as at any other time. It is almost impossible to trace any connection between the withdrawal of a portion of steam from a boiler and the subsequent explosion of the latter. Could it be proved that the gauge either rose or fell perceptibly, the case might be different; but the hand seldom moves instantaneously at least. The only remarkable phenomenon is the sudden rise of the water in the glass gage; and this rise from its character would seem to denote a dilation of the whole body of fluid, not a mere foaming or priming for the gage shows a rise of "solid water" invariably, not foam, when the boiler is properly full. It is not likely that either of these explosions will ever be found to present any unusual phenomena; but the lesson they convey is not the less instructive. Inspection, and careful inspection alone, can secure safety, and the sooner steam engine proprietors become convinced of the truth of this proposition, the better for the entire community."

DRESS REFORM MOVEMENT.—A letter from Paris says:—"The formation of the Ladies' Union in the United States against the use of foreign goods, has scattered terror and confusion among the European manufacturers. The buyers of the houses of A. T. Stewart, Arnold, Constable & Co., and others, whom I have met, say that their occupation is gone; that they have ceased to buy until further orders, but that they do not expect to buy any more so long as the Covenant exists. The number of American buyers in France is very large, and they find themselves all at once out of employment.

A letter to the *Philadelphia Inquirer* from Chicago, says:—"There was another 'large and enthusiastic' meeting of the ladies of this city on Friday evening, to further the 'Dress Reform movement.' This was a mixed assembly, however, as the gentlemen were invited to participate, and did all the speaking. I am told by a leading merchant that the movement has already affected the trade to a marked extent, especially in the silk, lace and embroidery departments; and the leading millinery and dressmaking establishments, have been compelled to discharge quite a large portion of their 'hands' engaged on the most fashionable, and, consequently, most profitable part of their work. If the effort will only check the wasteful, wicked extravagance which prevails in the land, a great good will have been accomplished."

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—Mr. John Seymour's report contains many thrilling incidents. We extract the following which transpired on the battle-field of Gettysburg:

A rebel prisoner asked a clean shirt for his young comrade whose fresh, but blood-stained bandages, told of a recent amputation just above the knee.

One of the Sanitary Commission gave the shirt, but said the boy must first be washed. "Who will do that?" "Oh, any of those women yonder." A kind looking woman from Philadelphia was asked if she was willing to wash a rebel prisoner. "Certainly," was the prompt reply, "I have a son in the Union army, and I would like to have somebody wash him."

With towel and water in a tin basin she cheerfully walked through the mud to the tent. Careful not to disturb the amputated leg, she gently removed the old shirt and began to wash him; but the tenderness of a mother's heart was at work, and she began to cry over him, saying that she imagined she was washing her own son. This was more than he could bear. He, too, began to weep, and to ask God to bless her for her kindness to him. The scene was too much for the bystanders, and they left the northern mother and the southern son to their sacred grief, wishing that tears could blot out the sin of this rebellion and the blood of this unnatural war.

☞ At the conclusion of a meeting of a religious society connected with Surry Chapel, a gentleman on the platform arose and said, "I hope every one will *give a kiss*." Upon which the venerable Rowland Hill got up, and exclaimed, in a voice and manner truly characteristic, "I hope every one will *give a great deal*."

☞ It appears from evidence taken in a criminal court that it is a common practice to place counterfeit money in the collection plates in the English churches.

The Cost of War.

[The following from an English journal has a peculiar interest just now in the United States:]

The costs of war! In getting an answer to this question, we are apt to think of it just as a Chancellor of the Exchequer thinks of it. He thinks that it is a matter of arithmetic, and so it is. The "ways and means" are estimated in this formal manner, and not otherwise. But the costs of a war may be estimated on another principle, and the calculation may begin, not at *the millions end of it*, but at *the shillings end*, or rather, let me say, not with the *arithmetic* but with the *feelings*, with the hearts, with the culture, the entire welfare for life of those—and they are the many—upon whom these costs come down much as a blight comes upon an apple orchard, or as the smut takes hold of cornfields; or as the fly goes in upon turnips. Then the orchard, this year, will not meet our rent; then the forty-acre field will scarcely pay the reaping; then the turnips will not be worth the clamping.

No war, in recent times, has cost what has reached the mass of the people in the most oppressive manner, or has so reached them as to touch the substantial welfare of families throughout the middle class. The Russian war, in a degree, did this, but in no degree that was at all comparable to the crush and the ruin—ruin irrecoverable, that was inflicted upon those classes by the great French war, from the time of its renewal to near its end. Statesmen in later times have learned how to make fiscal and financial adjustments of a kind that have very much eased the actual coming down of the pressure upon the shoulders of the people. Mr. Pitt was not able to bring about these adjustments. The ministers following did not attempt it. The costs of the war—army and navy, and the subsidies, and the interest on the debt, provided for, in part, by the ordinary resources of the state—came, in ponderous mass, upon the people, in the form of new taxes, and in doubled and trebled old taxes, and in the gigantic terrors of the (*miscalled*) property-tax at *ten per cent.* The ten per cent. income-tax, in fact, the window-tax, the bread-tax, the always swelling poor-rate, the enhanced price of everything—these costs of war, broke down the hearts of brave men, and inflicted upon some families the sufferings of slow starvation, and trod many to the dust. These costs of that revolution-war were, to the middle classes, and to the professions, and to ministers of religion, the curfew of the light of family enjoyment!

It would sound like nothing better than the utterance anew of an often-uttered groan, if I were here to bring forward the standing complaint of the incurable injustice of the income-tax, in its pressure upon the industrial and the professional classes. Unequal and inequitable such a tax must be, notwithstanding the well-intended adjustments of the finance ministers or of parliamentary committees. In no case which might claim to be considered by such committees, does this inherent vice of an income-tax present itself more harshly than in its bearing upon the conscientious few and the unscrupulous many. If I recall the recollections of over sixty years, I might find instances, more than one, two or three, in which the return made to the commissioners of inland revenue was punctiliously truthful. The tax collector, in his season, called for a *ten per cent.* upon an income, which income was not then half what it had recently been; and he got it, to a penny. The next knock at the door was the baker's, who asked eighteen or twenty pence for a quartern loaf; and at every shop where the most needful things were to be obtained, there was a proportionate enhancement! Do we imagine that the tax collector received his due ten per cent. at *every* door up and down the town? I am unable to believe as much as this, jolly and shrewd looking visages remembered. But I possess no evidence that might warrant a calling up the cases.

This inequality, springing from the different sensibility of consciences, and against which no provision can ever be made by Act of Parliament, took effect very often upon the very same parties that were suffering in another manner. We, living in these times of lighter burdens, should not easily realize what this further hardship, now to be named, amounted to. In the struggle to live, in the competition every-day battle of every man with his neighbor—and a battle it is—in trade, in the professions, in medicine, law, in the fine arts, in almost every line of ordinary and of intellectual labor, the advantage (individual ability always allowed for,) the crowning advantage, the turning-point of success, is with those whose means, whether of fixed income or of capital, are a little in excess of the requirements of their position. The disadvantage, the fatal difference, rests upon those whose means, whose income and capital, fall short perhaps only by a little, of this indispensable amount. We all, or most of us, know something of this.

How then did the war taxes, and especially the income-tax of those terrible years, take effect upon men, whether of the trading or of the professional class? The *indirect* war taxes came upon these classes in a somewhat mitigated shape, for they were a *per-centage* upon the gross expenditure of a family, which expenditure might, to some extent, be lessened by retrenchments, by daily denials, by abstinence, by taking refuge in the penultimas of starvation. These exactions were inflicted upon a family—in a sense, by their own hand. The process resembled that which is gone through with by a resolute patient, to whom the surgeon says, "The water must be as near to boiling as you can bear it;" or this, "Keep the blister on as long as possible." But the income-tax was nothing else than hard cash down, and so was the window-duty, with no room for mitigation, no question as to a more or less in the amount. It was a plunge into the resources of a family, making a gap which tore up everything around it. There was nothing in the comforts or the recreations, or the health, or the education, or the portioning of sons or daughters, which was not either curtailed or utterly forbidden by this *ten per cent.*, and the accompanying assessed taxes.

The war taxes, from '93 onwards, so came in sudden augments, that no preparation to meet them could be made. They came as the burglar comes at midnight, and they swept many a home of its goods. Such are the costs of War! Nevertheless, those who now may retain a vivid recollection of the denials, and the struggles, and the overthrows of those difficult years, will bear this testimony to their seniors—the men and the women upon whom the woe actually fell—that, throughout the middle classes, trading and professional, there prevailed an admirable unanimity, and a noble-hearted, patient patriotism. Hearing at that time, as it is heard, the talk of a large town, I have no recollection of having heard, even in a single instance, those inculpations of government of which there have been much, throughout the same classes, seven years earlier. Everybody had at length come to know that there could be no peace with this one man—whether calling him First Consul or Emperor—who would not have rested, even after he had done in England what he had done in Prussia and in Austria.

At length the world got rid of him. The continental states got rid of him—France got rid of him—England got rid of him—the homes of the people, which he had haunted, shook him out, and he ceased to scare them in their dreams. The terrible winter which drove the French into the unpitying jaws of Frost, gave life and breath to Europe. The privations of past years were at length compensated, and as to England, hungry families took easily their sufferings, notwithstanding that the quartern loaf was still at eighteenpence.

CAUTION OF THE FRENCH EMPEROR.—A Paris letter writer tells the following:

"I was in a circle, a few days back, composed of both native French and some newly-arrived Parisians. At last the conversation turned upon the Emperor, and the late arrivals were full of marvelous stories upon the Emperor's life. One yarn ran as follows: A beautiful young Italian girl was requested to make him a drink, which she did. As if accidentally, in receiving the goblet, he contrived to drop in a small silver knife, with which he had been toying as he sat. The knife almost immediately turned black, from the presence of some poison which the Italian had dropped into the beverage, probably as a 'flavor.' She was quietly sent back to the Orleanist tribe, whence she came disgraced.

"Another damsel offered Napoleon the larger piece of an apple, which she cut before his eyes, and while in conversation with him. (She was French, and a privileged member of the imperial household.) With true politeness he requested an exchange, he to eat the smaller piece and she the other. The lady demurred; she could not eat so much. He seized both pieces, and bowingly retired. Next day the lady consented to 'waste her sweetness on the desert air' of a convent, where she can reflect that the very first trouble which arose in the world, in the year one, came from Eve offering Adam an apple not fit for his mastication at that time."

IMPORTANT TO AUTHORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—The National Intelligencer, in correcting an erroneous report now going the rounds, about the postage on manuscript, says: The twentieth Section of the Act approved March 3, 1863, authorizing "book manuscripts and proof sheets" to be transmitted by mail at the rates above specified, does not embrace manuscripts for periodicals, or communications to newspapers, but applies only to *bona fide* book manuscripts and proof-sheets; and consequently, if manuscript communications to periodicals or newspapers should by any means be sent forward at the rates above specified, it would be the duty of the postmaster at the office of delivery to charge the package with letter postage at double rates, deducting the amount prepaid by stamps.

☞ "How do you and your friends now?" said an exultant politician in one of our Western States to a rather irritable member of the defeated party. "I suppose," said the latter, "we feel just as Lazarus did when he was licked by dogs!"

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THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour has ruled firm, some 12,000 bbls. in lots, at $7,25 for superfine, $7,50@8,12 for extras, the latter for selected Western, $8@8,50 for Pennsylvania and Ohio extra family, and $9@9,50 for fancy do. Rye Flour—Small sales at $7.

GRAIN comes in slowly; sales of 35,000 bus Wheat at $1,87@1,92 for fair to prime Western and Pennsylvania reds, $1,90@1,95 for Southern do, and $1,98@2,10 for white, as in quality, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye—Sales at $1,50@1,57. Corn—30,000 bus yellow have been disposed of at $1,59@1,62 afloat, and $1,57@1,61 in store, including white at $1,50@1,48. Oats—sales at 85@87c.

PROVISIONS.—The market for the hog product generally is on the advance. Small sales of Pork are reported at $33@37 for heavy mess, and $30@32 ₩ bbl made from sides. Beef is firm, with further sales of Hams at $20@30, and western and city mess at $18@24 ₩ bbl. Of Bacon the sales are moderate, at 20½@21½c for bagged Hams, 14c for Sides, and 13½@14c for Shoulders. Green meats are firm, with sales of 800 tierces Hams at 16½@17½c for pickled, and 12½@13½c for Shoulders in salt and pickle. Lard is better, and selling at 15½@16c in bbls and tierces; 200 kegs pressed sold at 16½c. Butter—Sales of Pennsylvania and Ohio packed at 25@33c, and New York State at 35@37c. Cheese is firm at 13@18c ₩ lb. Eggs are selling at 24@25c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—Sales 700 bales at from 125 to 130c for middling and good quality, cash.

BARK—1st No 1 Quercitron finds ready sale at $41½ ₩ ton.

BEESWAX is scarce at 60c ₩ lb.

COAL is in fair demand, and prices are firm.

COFFEE—The market is firm at 43@44c for Rio.

FEATHERS is scarce at 70@72c for Western.

FRUIT is quiet and prices without much alteration. *Berries* are bringing full prices.

HAY is quoted at $25@28 ₩ ton.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal continues dull, we quote Anthracite nominally at $52@58 ₩ ton, cash, for the three numbers. Scotch Pig is held at $60 ₩ ton.

LUMBER—Demand moderate, without change in prices, which range at $32@34 for White Pine, $27@28 for Yellow Sap, $20@22 for Hemlock Boards, $24 for Lehigh do, $18@19 for Joist and Scantling, and $32@35 for White Pine Shingles. Laths are lower, and selling at $2 ₩ M from the wharf.

MOLASSES is firmer, sales 1000 hhds at 70@72c for clayed, 80@81c for Muscovado, and 90@95c for Porto Rico, on time.

PLASTER is selling at $4@4,50 ₩ ton.

RICE is held at 11½@12c ₩ lb.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is scarce at $7@7,50. Timothy at $3 ₩ bus. Flaxseed at $3,37@3,40 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is selling at $1,73. Whiskey—Sales of bbls at from $1,38 to $1,40 for Pennsylvania and Western.

SUGARS are firm, 900 hhds found buyers at from 17½ to 19½ for Cuba and Porto Rico.

TALLOW is selling at 15@15½c ₩ lb.

WOOL—The market is firm at 80@83c for low grade and fine fleece, and 87@90c for tub. Yarns—Sales of Nos 18@20, cut, at $1,30@$1,40 ₩ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1200 head. The prices realized from $13 to 18 ₩ 100 lbs. 2250 Hogs at from $10,50 to 12,50 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—The prices being 7½@8c ₩ lb. Cows brought from $35 to 45.

The Saturday Ev

May be obtained weekly at the
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St.,
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 12
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron
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Does not soil hat, bonnet, c stores gray hair, promotes a lux hair, removes all dandruff, itch the scalp, rendering it perfect hair moist, glossy and beautif as a dressing it has no superio cents; six bottles, $2,50. Sold SON, 330 North Sixth street, by express to any address.

MARRIA

☞ Marriage notices must al by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, by th BENJAMIN R. CROASDALE, to M of John Fagan, both of this cit

At Hoboken, on the 15th SMEDLEY, of Philada., to MARY of Samuel Large, of the forme

On the 9th instant, by the Re Rev. E. H. Chapin, D. D., H JULIA, daughter of C. H. Roge

On the 9th instant, by the R HENRY Z. BENNER, of Pittsbur Pa. regt., to Miss MARY L. TE

On the 6th instant, by the JOHN J. COBURN, of Brooklyn HAAS, of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Re ALBERT HEUGHEIMER, to M Germantown.

On the 2d instant, by the Re JAMES M. SHOEMAKER, to Miss of this city.

On the 2d of May, by the Re Mr. THOMAS S. WILKS, to M BARTH, both of this city.

DEATH

☞ Notices of Deaths must ed by a responsible name.

On the 15th instant, CAROL Sloan, in her 54th year.

On the 14th instant, ELLEN Willis, in her 33d year.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. E year.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. L late Thos. A. Pearce, in her 71

On the 12th instant, WILLIA 25th year.

On the 12th instant, JOHN M. year.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. TH 29th year.

On the 11th instant, THOMAS year.

On the 11th instant, Dr. Row his 30th year.

On the 10th instant, Mr. WI his 65th year.

On the 11th instant, REBECCA and the late Saml. G. Butler.

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Full stock of FANCY
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ANNIE V. JAMES, both
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INE, wife of Henry
C., wife of Charles
MA JONES, in her 22d
VIRGINIA, widow of the
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F. NELSON, in his
ARSH, Sr., in his 67th
RESA HUDSON, in her
MASON, in his 54th
ARD N. BAILEY, in
LIAM M. GREEN, in
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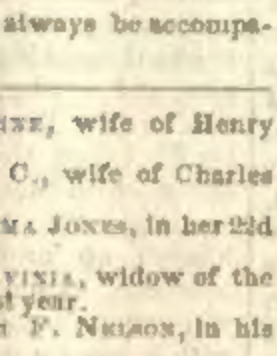

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We desire to remind
DEALERS IN SEEDS,
Of the near approach of the season for sowing Turnip and Ruta Baga.
We shall be able to offer a large supply of all the approved varieties, and let it be observed,
Every Grain the Produce of
BLOOMSDALE.
We have not, and shall not have an ounce of Imported Seed.
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With Particulars of interest to Dealers in
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THE MERCIFUL MAN IS KIND TO HIS BEAST.

This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its Food, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk form your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your Horses, CATTLE and Hogs in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfecty healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder.
Prepared *only by* WILLIAM RALSTON,
Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON,
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WASHINGTON, Oct. 16th, 1862.
WM. RALSTON,—Dear Sir:—Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the diseases of Horses, and as good a preparation as there is in the market.
HIRAM WRIGHT,
Assistant Veterinary Surgeon for the United States Government.
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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Yankee Hotel in Dixie.

When Gen. Banks's army moved on up the Shenandoah Valley from New Market, Quartermaster Sergeant Reuben W. Oliver, of Cochran's New York battery, had to be temporarily left in a barn on account of injuries he had received. Soon after our departure he made application at the lady's house adjoining for board, but he was informed in true Virginia style, that she did not board "Yankee barbarians."

"Very well," replied Oliver. "If you won't board me, I shall keep a hotel in your barn, but shall probably call upon you occasionally for supplies;" and he hobbled back to the barn.

Oliver was every inch a soldier, and he went to work at once. Taking a revolver, he shot madam's finest young porker, which his assistant speedily dressed. His able assistant next went to the apiary and "took up" a hive of bees, and transferred the honey to the barn; he then went to the lot and milked a pail of milk from her ladyship's cows; then going to her servant's house, he made a "requisition" for a quantity of fresh corn dodgers that had been prepared for the supper. The addition of these articles to his ordinary rations placed him far beyond the point of starvation. True to his Yankee instincts, he invited the lady to take tea with him, at the hotel across the way, at which she became spitefully indignant; but Oliver was as happy as a lark, and for the time almost forgot his injuries. Soon he had several sick soldiers added to his list of boarders; and in due time a sheep and another young porker, and a second hive of bees were gathered under the roof of his "hotel;" and furthermore, not a cock remained to proclaim when the morning dawned. By this time, her ladyship thought she "could see it," and sent for Oliver, who, as promptly as the nature of his injuries would permit, reported at her door.

"See here, young man," said she, "I perceive that it would be cheaper for me to board you in my house; and if you will accept it, you can have board and a room free."

"Thank you, madam, thank you," replied Oliver, removing his cap and bowing politely, "but I prefer boarding at a first-class Yankee hotel to stopping at any secesh house in Virginia at the same price. You will, therefore, be so kind as to excuse me for declining your generous offer, as it comes too late;" and back he hobbled to the barn, and actually remained there for two weeks, taking in and boarding every sick and straggling soldier that came along, making frequent "requisitions" upon her for supplies.

Her ladyship was mightily pleased when Oliver's Yankee hotel was discontinued; but it learned her a valuable lesson, and no Yankee soldier ever thereafter applied to her in vain for food or shelter. They always got what they wanted, she evidently not relishing the Yankee hotel system.

Soldiers' Speculations.

A letter from the Army of the Potomac has the following good thing:

A few months ago two soldiers were sentenced, for some trivial offence, to ten days in the guard-house, but they were taken out occasionally to do police duty about camp. Doing police duty, you must know, is not in the army what it is in the city, but consists in going about, under guard, and cleaning up the camp. These soldiers were put to cleaning away the mud from the front of the colonel's quarters. They were from a New York city regiment, and, to judge from their dialect, might have been named Mose and Sykesy. At any rate, I shall call them so in the recital. They had worked well, and finally seated themselves on a log to await the arrival of the sergeant of the guard to relieve them, when the following conversation took place:

Mose—Say, Sykesy, what are you goin' to do when yer three years is up? Goin' to be a vet? Saay?

Sykesy—Not if I know myself, I ain't—no! I'm goin' to be a citizen, I am. I'm goin' back to New York, and am goin' to lay off and take comfort, bum round the engine-house, and run wid der machine.

Mose—Well, I tell yer what I'm a goin' to do. I've jest been thinkin' the matter all over, and got the whole thing fixed. In the first place, I'm goin' home to New York, and as soon as I get my discharge, I'm goin' to take a good bath, and get this Virginia sacred soil off me. Then I'm goin' to have my head shampood, my hair cut and combed forward and 'lled, and then I'm goin' to some up-town clothing-store and buy me a suit of togs. I'm goin' to get a gallus suit too—black breeches, red shirt, black choker, stove-pipe hat, with black bombazine around it, and a pair of them shiny lether butes. Then I'm goin' up to Delmonico's place, and am goin' for to order jest the best dinner he can get up. I am goin' to have all he has on his dinner ticket, you bet. What? No! I guess I won't have a gay old dinner much, for I'll be a citizen then, and won't have to break my teeth off gnawing hard tack. After I've had my dinner, I will call for a bottle of wine and a cigar, and all the New York papers, and then I'll jest set down, perch my feet upon the table, drink my wine, smoke my cigar, read the news, and wonder why the Army of the Potomac don't move.

Worth of a Soul.—In the town of D——— lives two farmers, named Jones and Atwood. Their farms join; and, as is often the case, a quarrel arose about a certain side-hill line-fence. The quarrel resulted in a lawsuit, in which neighbor Jones, having (as Atwood claims) sworn the most tremendous lies on trial, gained the case. A short time after notice was given out that there would be preaching on a certain evening in the school-house. On the appointed evening the neighbors assembled. The preacher, having finished his discourse—from the text, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—invited any one of those present who wished to make a few remarks on the text. Brother Jones arose, and commenced his remarks by saying—

"What shall a man give for his soul? How much is it worth? Can any one here tell me how much a soul is worth?"

Before he could proceed further neighbor Atwood jumped up, and, with finger pointing to Brother Jones, said, in shrill, piping voice, which penetrated every corner of the room—

"I know what one man's soul is worth. It's worth just *one rod of hill-side!*"

☞ A conceited coxcomb, with a very patronizing air, called out to an Irish laborer, "Here, you bog trotter, come and tell me the greatest lie you can, and I will treat you to a glass of Irish whiskey." "By my word," says Pat, "an yer Honor's a gentleman."

Yes, there was no escape; there was Adolphus Muffyns, Esq., the mo
gentleman of the West End, on the top of a City Railway Car, and ja
Shoddy's splendid baroucho, at the entrance of the great Sanitary Fair.

Muffyn's eye sank beneath the steady and indignant gaze of Mrs. Sh
Of course neither Mrs. Shoddy nor Angelina saw him.

The Wise Ambassador.

We remember reading, in an old French magazine, accounts of an ambassador from the court of the Emperor Charlemagne to that of an Eastern monarch. Dining one day in company with the barbarian king and the great men of the court, not knowing the regulations and the etiquette of the East, the ambassador, without dreaming of harm, moved with his hand a dish which had been placed near him on the table. Now the laws of the tyrant required that if any guest touched a dish that was brought forward, before the king was served, he should suffer the penalty of death; consequently, all eyes were turned upon the ambassador of Charlemagne, and there was an immediate outcry against him; for the courtiers of the tyrant thought to gain his favor by upholding him in his tyranny. The barbarian king feared to displease so great an emperor as Charlemagne, but he feared to transgress his own laws more, and he told the ambassador that he must suffer death for what he had done.

"Great king," said the Frank, "I submit to my fate. The laws of so powerful a monarch should not be broken with impunity. I die without a murmur, but in the name of the great emperor whose humble servant I am, I beg of your majesty one favor before I die."

"Thou speakest well," replied the barbarian king. "It is not my will that thou shouldst suffer death, but since the laws require it, I give thee the promise of a king, whose word is fate, that whatever thou askest shall be granted. I have spoken."

"Then I am satisfied!" replied the ambassador, proudly; and he glanced contemptuously at the obsequious courtiers. "All I ask is this: give me the eyes of every man who saw me commit the crime."

The tyrant seemed confounded, and his flatterers turned pale. But his word had gone forth, and must be kept. The Frank's request must be granted.

"It is well!" said the king. "Their eyes shall be plucked out for thee."

But when it was asked who had seen the ambassador move the dish, every courtier was eager to deny that he had seen the act. The servants also exclaimed that they had not witnessed it, and the king also declared that he himself had not.

"Then why should I die, great king?" said the Frank. "The deed cannot even be proved against me!"

The king was pleased; and not only pardoned him, but, acknowledging and praising his cunning and wisdom, sent him home to his master loaded with presents.

Heat from the Stars.—It is a startling fact that if the earth were dependent alone upon the sun for heat, it would not get heat enough to keep existence in animal and vegetable life upon its surface. It results from the researches of Pouillet, that the stars furnish heat enough in the course of the year to melt a crust of ice seventy-five feet thick—almost as much as is supplied by the sun. This may appear strange when we consider how immeasurably small must be the amount of heat from any one of those distant bodies. But the surprise vanishes when we remember that the whole firmament is so thickly sown with stars, that in some places thousands are crowded together within a space no greater than that occupied by the full moon. The eye cannot see more than a thousand at the same time, in the clearest heaven, yet the number is probably infinite. From the first to the sixth magnitude, inclusive, the total number of visible stars is 3,128.—*Dr. Lardner.*

☞ Destroying Caterpillars' Nests.—A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from Saganaw City, says that a most effectual mode of destroying caterpillars' nests is to put in a gun a common charge of powder, loose, or without a wad, and then, holding it about three feet from the nest, discharge it. No injury is done to the tree, while the worms and their nests are completely destroyed. This plan is said to be practiced in the orchards in the northwest with entire success.

☞ French papers announce that a convict was lately tracked into the service of a young married couple, where he was officiating as a very pretty lady's maid, and had been doing all the duties of his roll for three months. The horror of the young married lady, and still more of the husband, may be imagined when the police said, "That young woman is the man we want."

The Language of
cocks and hens. I h
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gies, and crying, in fu
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whereupon, my Dorkin
with a gross want of p
plied, "Who-die deuce
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applied to so much ad
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Another correspond
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garden, when a little b
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A Good Answer.—T
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☞ A Small Soul
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account of non-arrival
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containing $12 worth

AGRICU

Flat Surfa

The old fashion of
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Birds.—I keep fowls—
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ruit her exhausted ener-
rtherance of her desire
, tuck, tuck, tuck-in-bar-
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al politeness which cha-
our foreign friend drew
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g, in his surly accent, and
oliteness to his visitor, re-
are you?" I assure you,
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ent says:—I once had a
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en rather hard upon me
vent home and dug in my
ird perched in a tree over
ustralia,) and kept calling
ke it up," till I lost all
d to call out, "Get away,
f course I mean to make
he morning," which I did.

The poet Percival was at
making a geological sur-
necticut. While engaged
costed by a hard-fisted old
lieve in these new-fangled
anded that the poet-geo-
an account of the money
ours," said he, "have to
and we want to know
." Percival looked at the
slowly drawing his hand
plied, "Sir, I have made a
hare of the expense of the
t, and I prefer repaying
ing in my work to answer

.—A Canada farmer re-
e's funeral postponed on
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ct several teeth from her
of gold filling.

LTURAL.

ace for Corn.

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e corn is "hilled up," the
" and rendered brittle by
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k, which is an injury invol-

ving a diminution of product and consequent loss. It has also been remarked that corn, when cultivated without "hilling," and with a perfectly level or flat surface, will, when prostrated by the wind, rise much more readily than when the opposite method is pursued. And I know this to be so.—*A Farmer, in Ger. Tel.*

Peas and Potatoes—Strange Result.

A French agriculturist made last year a singular experiment, the success of which has surpassed all expectation. He planted four potatoes, two of which received each a bean, and the other two each a pea. In a very short time the peas and beans brought forth very vigorous shoots, which furnished to their proprietor four copious dishes. But the most remarkable thing was that the potatoes sprouted wonderfully, and were not touched by disease. Still more, the tubercles multiplied themselves extraordinarily; the first top yielded thirty-eight fibres; second thirty; the third twenty-nine, and the fourth twenty-eight—all very healthy.

We have planted sixteen potatoes, all of which have received a pea and a bean. Never have we noticed a more vigorous vegetation. The shoots of the potatoes, as well as those of the peas, have universally averaged a height of from five to six feet. The tubercles, which were numerous, measured, for the most part, from sixteen to eighteen inches in circumference. The whole production is four minots and a quarter. As to the peas, the husks were also very numerous, but most of them could not ripen, because they found themselves enveloped in a mass of shoots and leaves. The tubercles had been planted too near each other.

This experiment has been made by an agriculturist of Isle d'Orleans. He has planted three potatoes, all of which had received a pea. These three potatoes yielded forty-seven tubercles, quite remarkable for size. This agriculturist is so well satisfied with the result of his experiment, that he has decided to follow the same method for all his potato planting the next year. —*Exchange.*

The Fruit Tree Borer.—The Gardener's Monthly mentions that a friend, who is famous for his success in fruit culture, especially in growing large crops of the finest apples, informed him that the secret of his "good luck" consisted in "keeping away the borer." To do this he says, "I merely keep the soil scraped from the trunk down to the bare roots winter and summer." His argument in favor of his management is that the borer requires moist, soft bark for his operations, and that the removal of the soil from the trunk of the tree, rendering the bark firm and hard to the collar, instinctively causes the borer to select a more favorable place for the rearing of its young—or, more correctly speaking, for its chrysalis. The treatment thus described was perfectly successful; the trees were untouched by the borer.

Effect of Artificial Light on Vegetation.—In answer to an inquiry on this subject, a correspondent of the London Builder states:—"I planted vegetables in a place where daylight could not penetrate, over which I suspended a paraffine oil lamp, with a reflector to throw the light upon the plants. They have grown up a beautiful dark green. I have also lighted a green-house with lamps every night, and find it not only increases vegetation, but gives a beautiful deep tinge to the plants."

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Herbs.—Every housekeeper who possesses a patch of ground, though ever so small, should have a few of the herbs which are in constant request for cookery or garnish; and this may be done mixed with flowers in borders, without in the least detracting from the beauty of a parterre. By this means the herbs will always be, at least, fresh, and in the greatest perfection, and the expense is so small (after the first purchase of the seed or roots) as to be scarcely calculable. Let the housekeeper look over her greengrocer's bills, and she will be surprised at the aggregate charge for herbs and such small gear as horse-radish, fennel, &c., in a month or a year.

To Escallop Potatoes.—Having boiled, beat them fine in a bowl, with cream, a large piece of butter, and a little salt. Put them into escallop shells, make them smooth on the top, score with a knife, and lay thin slices of butter on the tops of them. Then put them into an American oven, to brown before the fire.

The Best Soup.—Liebig in his *Researches on Food* says: "When one pound of lean beef, free from fat, in the finely-chopped state in which it is used for beef sausages or mince-meat, is uniformly mixed with its own weight of cold water, slowly heated to boiling, and the liquid, after boiling briskly for a minute or two, is strained through a towel from the coagulated albumen and the fibrine, now become hard and horny, we obtain an equal weight of the most aromatic soup, of such strength as cannot be obtained, even by boiling for hours, from a piece of flesh. When mixed with salt and the other usual additions by which soup is usually seasoned, and tinged somewhat darker by means of roasted onions or burnt sugar, it forms the very best soup which can in any way be prepared from one pound of flesh."

Cheap Cake.—"Peggy" send to the American Agriculturist the following recipe, which she considers a desirable acquisition at present, as butter and eggs are so costly: "Take 12 oz. of sweet, fat, salt pork, cut it very fine, and chop until it has the appearance of lard (it cannot be chopped too much;) put it into a pint cup and pour on boiling water until the cup is full. When cool enough to mix with the hand, add 2 cups sugar, 1 of molasses, 1 tablespoonful of saleratus or soda dissolved in a little water, spice (I prefer cinnamon and nutmeg,) 1-2 pound raisins, same of currants, (very good without fruit,) and flour sufficient to make it of the consistence of ordinary stirred cake. By adding a little wine it will keep good three months."

Cool Rooms.—In fevers a cool room frequently does as much good as medicine. Blinds coated with the following composition, and placed *outside* the window, are both sun and rain-proof; the greatest heat will not affect them:—Boil well together two pounds of turpentine, one pound of litharge in powder, and two or three pounds of linseed oil; the blinds are to be brushed over with this varnish, and dried in the sun. Umbrellas, light linen coats, and covers of hats, may be so treated.

Wrinkled Silk.—To make silk, which has been wrinkled and "tumbled," appear like new, sponge it on the surface with a weak solution of gum arabic or white glue, and iron it on the wrong side.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 48 letters.
My 12, 3, 48, 20, 5, is a general in our army.
My 35, 41, 39, 15, 17, is what we all wish for.
My 7, 26, 3, 4, 13, 20, is a general in the rebel army.
My 16, 33, 25, 10, is a senator from New England.
My 1, 36, 37, 26, 23, 27, is a battle-field of this war.
My 20, 26, 24, 3, 28, 20, 16, 31, 40, 17, 1, is the name of a war vessel.
My 13, 30, 3, 45, 15, 28, 32, is a fruit.
My 15, 33, 3, 9, 24, 20, 41, is a weapon used in war.
My 1, 2, 15, 17, 29, 18, 24, 28, 20, is a false doctrine.
My 19, 23, 17, 21, 20, 45, 28, 20, is what we must preserve.
My 20, 2, 6, 16, 43, 48, 47, 17, 3, is what every family should have.
My 8, 31, 28, 42, 45, 20, is an instrument of music.
My 11, 3, 17, 7, 28, 29, 20, 22, is a major-general in the regular army.
My 34, 37, 38, 13, 15, is a flowering shrub.
My 27, 17, 7, 35, is a useful plant.
My 44, 28, 3, 29, 41, is a domestic animal.
My 14, 17, 25, 38, 28, 6, is a color.
My whole is the name and place of residence of a young soldier. SOLUS.

Charade.

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My first is the half of a gentleman's name,
My second's a river which Europe can claim.
Beware of my third, be not soil'd by its spell,—
Take my fourth for a motto and all will be well.
My whole is a plant in profusion wide strown,
Us'd for purposes many, and very well known.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Double Rebus.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A town in Illinois.
A forest tree.
A loyal state.
A remarkable river of Asia.
A large vessel.
A winter month.
A city in New York.
A fortified town in North Carolina.
A town in Massachusetts.
The disciple who betrayed his Master.
A spring month.
A person famed for wisdom.
A verb, signifying *to gather.*
A Jewish high-priest.
A Roman orator.
A Southern constellation.
A tropical fruit.
A city in Rhode Island.
A town in Maine.
A work by Dr. Johnson.

My initials form the name of a celebrated American novelist, and my finals two of his most popular works. IRENE.
Wampsville, N. Y.

Problem.

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An officer has three companies, one of riflemen, one of grenadiers, and one of militia, intending to storm a fort, and divide among them $901, on these terms—viz: each soldier of the company who begins the attack shall receive one dollar, and the remainder of the money equally divided. If the riflemen are first, each soldier in the other companies receive 1-2 of a dollar. If the grenadiers are first, each of the others receive 1-3 of a dollar. If the militia are first, each of the others receive 1-4 of a dollar. Required, the number in each company?

MORGAN STEVENS.
Round Grove, Scott Co., Miss.
☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a plank is cut at random into three lengths or rectangular pieces, and the pieces placed simultaneously upon one another at random like three bricks in a wall. Required—the probability that they will not fall down?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it? Quick.

☞ Can you spell comfort with two letters? Ans.—Yes, with c e l (ease.)

☞ Of what trade is a minister at a wedding? Ans.—A join-*her.*

☞ Why do the recriminations of married couples resemble the sound of waves on the seashore? Ans.—Because they are murmurs of the *tied.*

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Order of United American Mechanics. RIDDLE—To try. CHARADE—Submission (sub-miss-shun.)

Answer to PROBLEM by Young Mathematician, published May 14th—270 acres, Aaron Wenger. Walter Siverly, J. W. Soders, and the author.

Answer to PROBLEM by Morgan Stevens, same date. This Problem will admit of an infinite number of answers, from which I select the following:—1st, $2\frac{8}{25}\frac{9}{25}$ and $\frac{8}{25}\frac{6}{25}$ dollars. 2nd, $3\frac{2}{25}\frac{4}{25}$ and $\frac{1}{25}\frac{1}{25}$ dollars. 3rd, $3\frac{7}{25}\frac{2}{25}\frac{1}{25}$ and $2\frac{5}{25}\frac{6}{25}$ dollars. 4th, $4\frac{7}{625}\frac{6}{625}\frac{1}{625}$ and $3\frac{3}{625}\frac{6}{625}\frac{4}{625}$ dollars. 5th, $2\frac{1}{10}\frac{1}{10}\frac{6}{10}$ and $\frac{2}{10}\frac{1}{10}$ dollars. Walter Siverly, Oil City, Pa.; also answered by J. N. Soders, Lancaster Co., Pa.

Answer to Gill Bates' PROBLEM, May 7th—2497.1. Morgan Stevens, and Gill Bates.

☞ A Famous Diamond.—The famous diamond called "The Star of the South" has arrived at Bombay. Its value is seven and a half millions of francs.

☞ Two peddlers in Pennsylvania have been pushing their trade after a new fashion. One of them travelled a day in advance of the other and refused to receive the notes of a certain bank as worthless, and the people gladly traded with the other, who said he would take the notes, as he was in debt to the bank.